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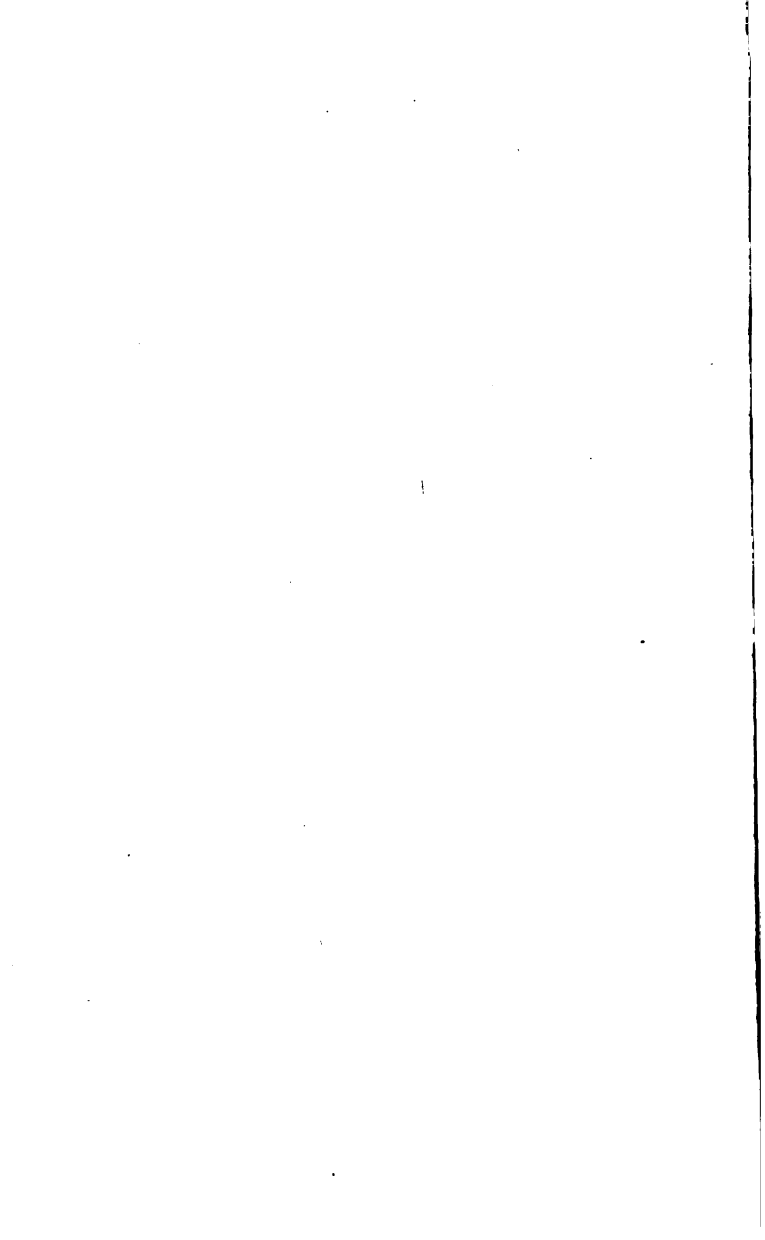
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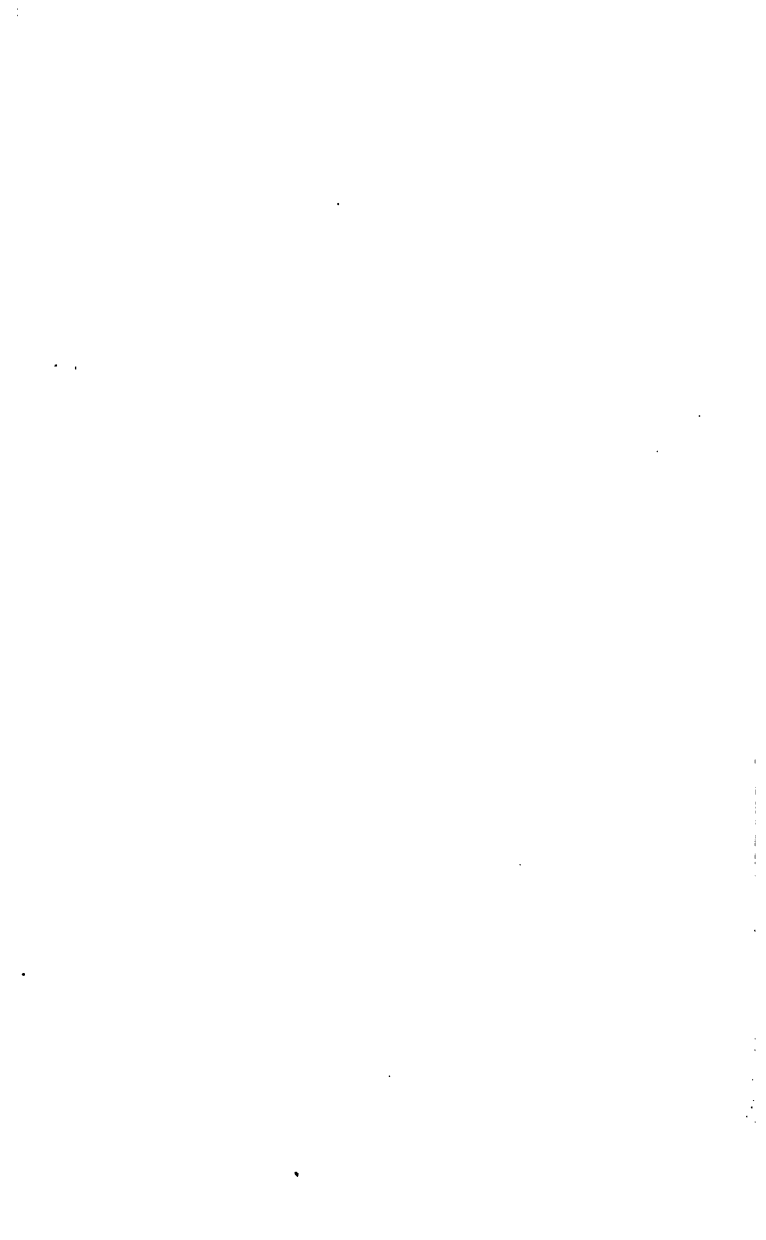
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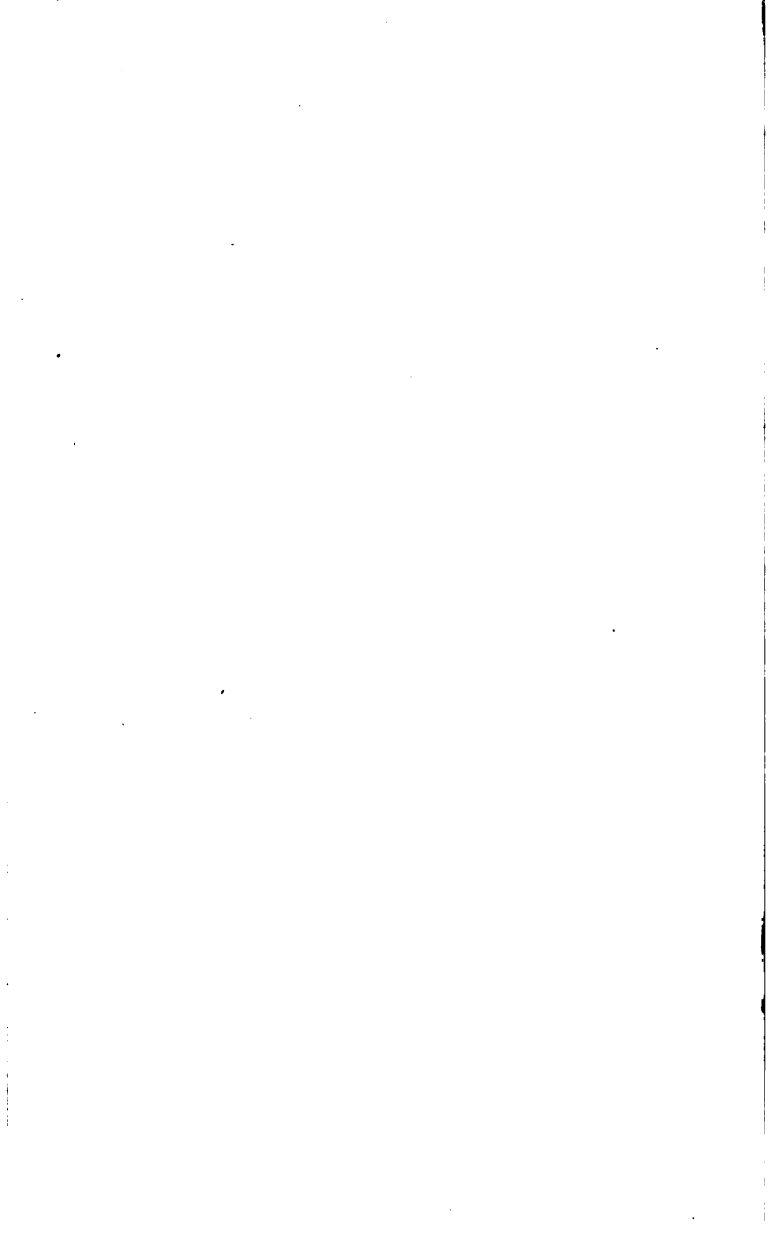
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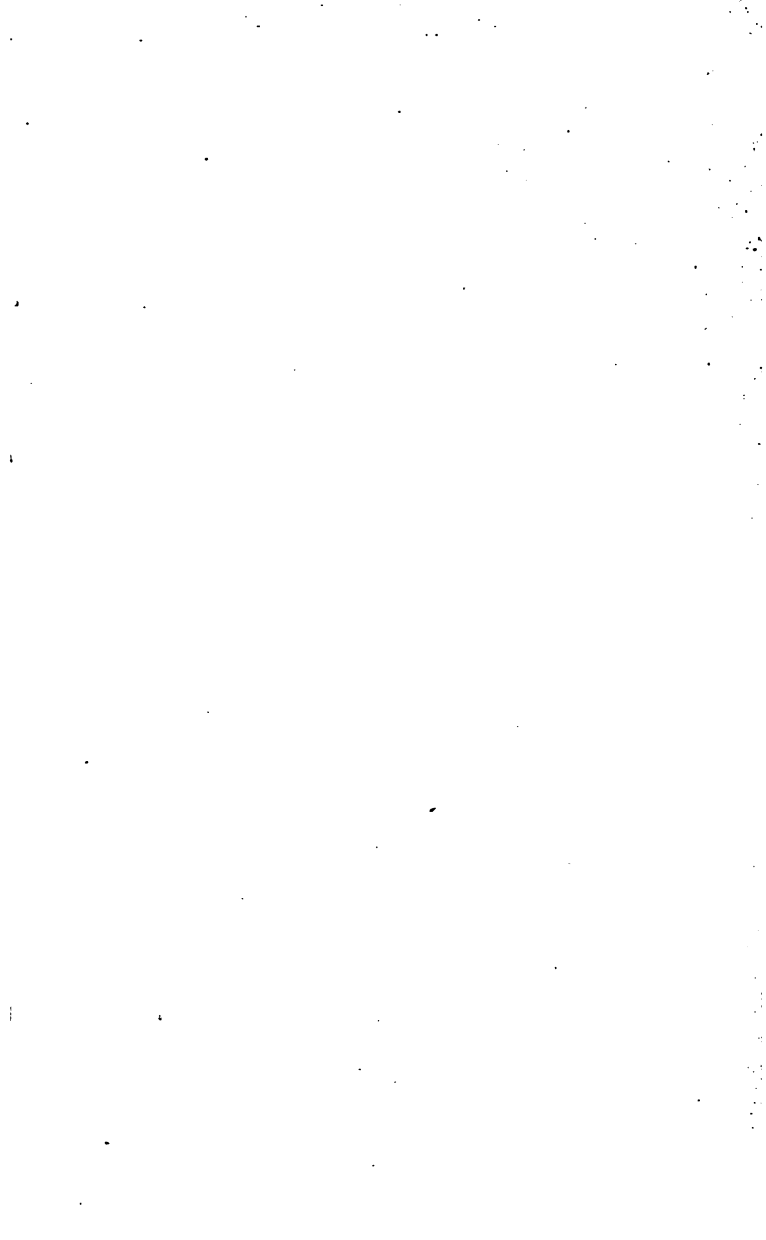


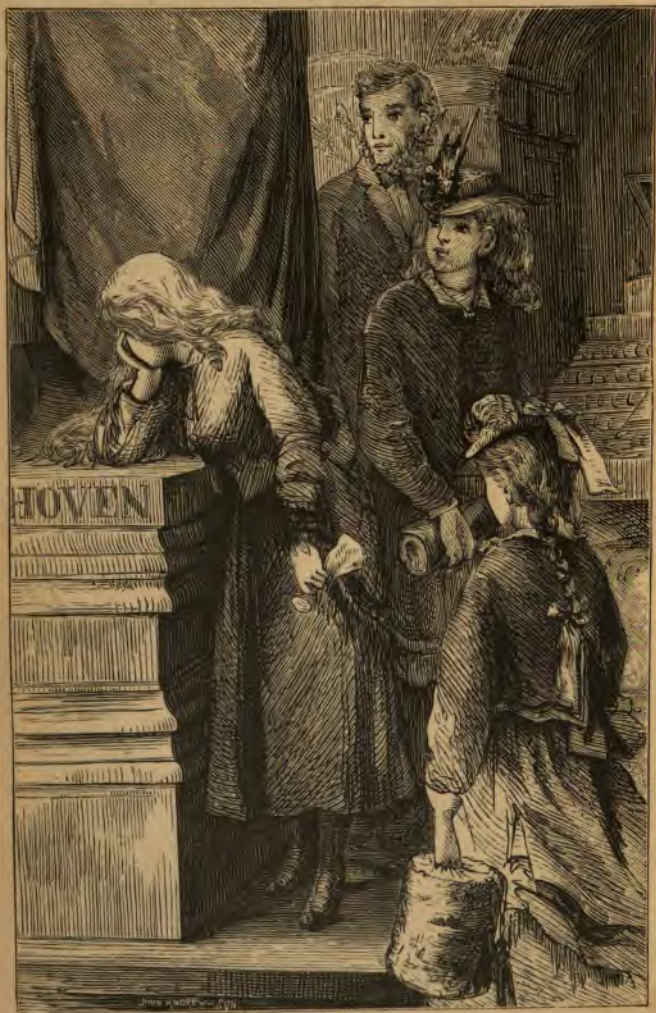
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KITTY'S BLUNDER. Page 81.

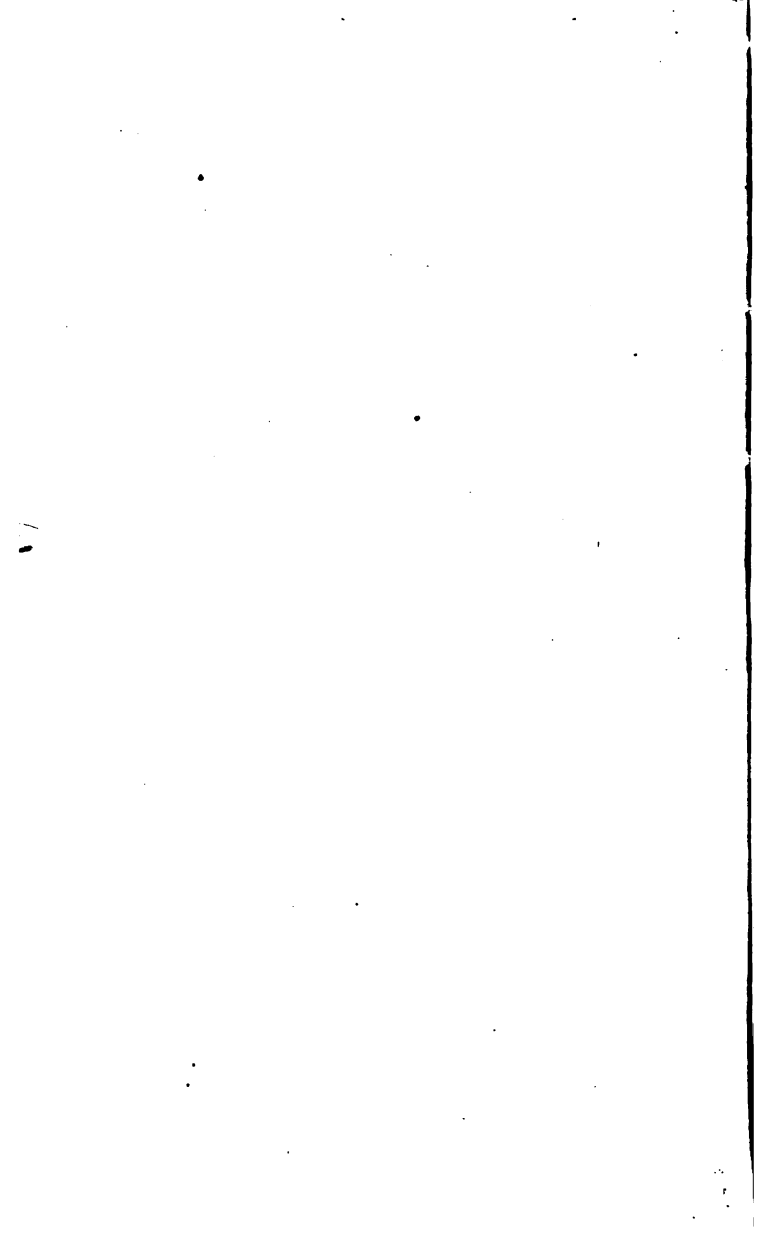


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THE TONE MASTERS.

BACH.

CHAPTER I.

AROUND a centre-table in a city parlor sit eight girls.

The lively Kitty Buckland, whom we have met before, the sedate Mary Clifford, of musical memory, and six new faces—Julia Brown, tall, demure, and pretty; Jane Robson, with a bright face and sunny hair; Sophia Gleason, Mary Picket, Susan Belford, and Clara Launderstone. They are a little inclined to city manners, but still girls. Jane and Julia we remember to have met some time ago.

A grave and solemn meeting is being held. There is a president, treasurer, and secretary; and the proceedings are conducted according to parliamentary rules.

The president, the gay Kitty, shakes her curls, rises, clears her throat with a masculine "hem," and speaks: —

"Young ladies, will you please come to order?"

A general settling into the seats, a pause in the conversation, and silence reigned.

"We have given our concert with great success. The select and intelligent audience were highly delighted, of course; they always are. The tickets were all sold, and a large addition made to our fund. Our treasurer will be here — Ah, there he comes, and will now make his report."

At this moment the door opened, and Kitty Buckland's sister appeared, leading blind Alfred by the hand. Having shown him in, she de-

parted. Making a vague bow in the direction of the company, Alfred said, —

“Good afternoon, young ladies.”

All the girls. “Good day, Alfred. Glad to see you. How’s the treasurer to-day?”

A chair was brought, and the boy led to it. When silence was restored, Kitty rose and said, —

“Young ladies, our treasurer has fortunately arrived, and we can proceed with our business.”

Julia Brown. “I move that the treasurer be requested to make his report.”

The motion was seconded and carried. Alfred, who was seated next to Mary Clifford, then prepared to deliver his report from memory. While he does so, let us take a look at the assembled company.

First comes Mary Clifford, not very pretty, but with a pleasant face, lighted up by bright eyes and a smiling mouth. She is from the

country, and is at present making her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Standly, a visit.

The president of the assembly, Kitty Buckland, belongs to the fly-away order of girls — impetuous, good-natured, and as lively as possible. I can't say that she is very lovely, though everybody loves her. Her astonishing frankness and cheerful manners, her gayety, love of fun, and wholesome heartiness, make her the joy, and sometimes the plague, of all her friends. As a musical person, she stands high. She plays the piano with spirit, correctness, and taste. In fact, she belongs to a musical family. Her father, in whose house the company have met, is a maker of reed organs.

As for music, all of the young people gathered here are performers, or intelligent listeners. Music has called them together this afternoon, and will form the subject of the doings and sayings of these and all others we may meet in this story. Even the blind boy is a player of no

mean ability. His ear enables him to reproduce upon his violin almost any melody he hears. He is cousin to Mary Clifford, and of the same family name. Like her, he is making a visit at the Standlys.

To understand why these young people have met, we must go back a little. One day, about two months before, in December, Mary, Alfred, and Kitty made a visit to Mr. Buckland's factory. While there, Alfred was left sitting near the elevator, while Mary and Kitty went down stairs for a moment. Being blind, the boy thought himself perfectly safe, sitting upon a packing box. If he sat still, what harm could come to him? Unfortunately, he was obliged to move, and chanced to step under the elevator. The platform was coming down, and if he had not been pulled away by a young girl who happened to be near, he might have lost his life. This girl, Susan Bates by name, was the daughter of a poor man employed in the fac-

tory, and at the time of the accident had just brought her father's dinner to him. She had left him, and was going home, when she saw the boy's danger, and bravely rescued him, though she was herself hurt in doing so. Mr. Buckland, the Standlys, Kitty, Mary, and Alfred, were, of course, greatly interested in the girl, and resolved to aid her in some way. They had found that she, too, loved music greatly, and hoped some day to support herself and father by its practice. They therefore contributed to a fund for her benefit. To increase the amount, the brilliant Kitty conceived the idea of giving a parlor concert, selling the tickets, and adding the proceeds to the fund. Kitty and Mary, with the assistance of these other girls, formed what they called "The Concert Board," and in regular parliamentary fashion conducted the affairs of the fund and its disposal. The older people had intrusted the sole

management of these matters to our young folks, to teach them self-reliance and method, and to cultivate their faculty of judgment. That they should have encouraged these girls to conduct their plans according to the rules used in meetings of grave and dignified men, may seem strange; but really why not? The day may come when young ladies will be expected to be able to preside at a public meeting, or to maintain themselves in a debate. Practice in it is therefore useful.

Now let us hear the treasurer's report, and see how they manage things.

Alfred, standing up. "Miss President."

The President. "Mr. Clifford, young ladies."

Alfred. "Miss President, and young ladies. I have the honor to present to you the following statement of the funds of the Concert Board. It was made out by my valuable assistant and clerk, Miss Clifford."

Received from the sale of tickets at concert,	\$ 108.00
donation from Mr. Buckland, . . .	100.00
" " Mr. Standly, . . .	100.00
" " Mrs. Standly, . . .	50.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 358.00

Paid for printing,	\$ 4.00
tuning piano,	2.00
carriage hire for performers,	2.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 8.00

Balance on hand,	\$ 350.00
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The above sum is now in the bank, subject to order.

Respectfully submitted.

ALFRED CLIFFORD.

The treasurer then sat down amid the applause of the company.

The President. "Young ladies, you have heard the report of your treasurer. What action will you take upon it?"

Jane Robson. "I move that the report be accepted and adopted."

Clara Launderstone. "I second the motion."

The President. "It is moved and seconded

that the report be accepted and adopted. If this be your minds, you will please signify by raising the right hand."

Every pretty finger went up. The secretary made a note of it, and the vote was declared unanimous.

The President. "Young ladies, you have adopted the report of your treasurer; the next step is, to decide how and when the money shall be used for the benefit of Miss Bates."

A half dozen voices at once. "Miss President."

The bright Kitty looked sharply round and said, —

"Miss Launderstone has the floor."

Clara stood up, while the rest prepared to listen. "Miss President, I'm sure we are all glad to hear such a pleasant report. I didn't know we were so rich. The question now is, How shall we spend the money? I think a piano would be a good thing; yet I don't see what good

it will do the girl if she has no teacher. Now we might get a cheap piano, and hire a teacher as long as the money lasted. I would, therefore, make a motion that the greater part of the money be spent in getting a teacher."

The young speaker sat down. Some one seconded the motion.

Kitty. "It is moved and seconded that a part of the money be spent in getting a teacher for Miss Bates."

Sophia Gleason, jumping up suddenly. "Miss President! Miss President!"

Kitty. "Miss Gleason has the floor."

"I say, girls, I don't like this at all. Let's give her a splendid piano, and have done with it. I'm sure she's splendid herself, and I go for giving her something real fine."

Mary Clifford. "Miss President, the last speaker may be generous, and her plan would be a good one if we could only carry it out.

But I don't see how we can. Miss Bates would not take such a gift from us."

This created some little confusion, but the vigorous president quelled the disturbance, and insisted upon obedience to the rules. After each, in turn, had given her views, there was a pause, and matters seemed to drag. Then Clara Laundestone rose, and moved that the whole matter be placed in the hands of a committee of three. "Let them look into the matter, consult with Miss Bates, if need be, and report to us at some other time."

The motion was seconded and carried.

Kitty. "How shall the committee be appointed?"

Clara. "By the president."

Kitty. "Then I will appoint Mary Clifford, Clara, and Alfred."

Loud cries of "Miss President! Miss President!"

Kitty. "Miss Clifford has the floor."

Mary. "Really, Kitty, — excuse me, Miss President, — I object. I am a stranger among you, and don't know how you do these things. Take some one else."

The President, without paying any attention to her, beyond a vigorous shake of the head. "Young ladies, if it be your minds that Miss Clifford serve you on this committee, you will please say, 'Ay.'"

A jolly great "Ay" by the company.

Poor Mary sat down, crimson with her new honors.

Alfred, in a whisper to her. "You can't help yourself, Mary; so you may as well accept."

She thought it very queer to be elected to serve on a committee; but recollecting having read in a certain book that it was better to serve than be served, she was content.

The vigorous president pushed matters, and in a moment both Clara and Alfred were elected in spite of themselves. But the former was fully

up to the rules of the meeting, and quickly turned the tables. Rising, she said, "Young ladies, I don't like this. Kitty is better posted in the matter than any of us, and I resign in her favor."

Such a thing was unheard of; but it struck them favorably, and they signified their approval by vigorous applause.

Clara continued. "I hereby tender my resignation, with the hope that the president will accept at once."

In vain Kitty protested. They would hear nothing of the kind, and by one consent the company rose, broke over all rules, rushed upon the luckless president, and, girl fashion, began to talk as fast as possible. The idea of reporting such gay confusion is absurd. I'll not try. Let such a group of wide-awake girls once begin, and there's no stopping them. Uproar reigned. Every one faced every one else, as near as they could, and talked. As they never

stopped to answer each other's questions, but talked straight on, the effect was peculiar.

Poor Alfred, the only boy in the company, was nearly distracted. Somebody spoke to him, but before he could answer, some one else claimed his attention. In despair he sat down by the piano. Hearing Mary near him, he spoke to her.

"Please step down into the entry, and bring my violin. I'll soon stop the racket."

Mary went out unobserved, and Alfred sat down to wonder at the noise of many tongues, that rattled round him. In a moment or two his beloved instrument was placed in his hands. To tune it was the work of a few seconds. Then, sitting down on a low stool, he began to play softly to himself. Mary also sat down, but on the floor at his feet, and tried to catch the music. A very simple song, quiet, slow, and of a peculiarly elevated character. Like most good music, it had a theme, that, once heard, returned again and again, in varied shapes, to please and satisfy.

Before he had played a dozen measures, the nearest girls were dumb, and eagerly listening to the boy's violin. As the music went on, the silence crept from one to another. Soon every tongue was quiet. One by one the girls fell under the influence of the charm.

Still the music went on. No startling intervals, no chromatic runs, nor sudden changes of the key. The same serene and placid grace ran through it all, except where at times it rose to a subdued joyfulness. Repeating the original phrase once more, the music ceased.

Seven different voices at once. "O, Alfred, what was that? How splendid! Where did you get it? What are the words? Who wrote it?"

"I can't tell you more than one thing at a time. The words are, —

'My heart, ever faithful;
Sing praises; be joyful;
Thy Jesus is near.'

It is by old Sebastian Bach."

"Bach!" said Jane Robson. "I don't believe it. He never wrote anything but the dryest kind of stuff for the organ."

"That's all you know!" exclaimed the impetuous Kitty.

"Do you know any more?"

There would have been a sharp retort if it had not been for the sedate Mary. Interrupting them, she said aloud, —

"Well, I think it's the most peculiar piece of music I ever heard."

Several voices. "That's true."

"Yes," said Alfred, "Father Bach was a queer old fellow — a strange, incomprehensible, and wonderful man."

Jane. "There! that's just what I say. Nobody can understand his music, it's so dreadful dry and deep."

"It's very deep," replied Alfred, "but it's not dry. You should hear more of it, and then you'd like it better. I wish you could hear the

accompaniment to that song. It's very peculiar ; not only pretty, but, better still, interesting. Bach is very different from the other writers. His music seems heavy, but it is because it's so grand."

"Play it again," said Mary.

"Yes, do!" exclaimed the others.

Once more the violin was brought to the boy's shoulder, and he began to play.

Such a pretty group! Alfred on the stool, with Mary at his feet; Kitty and Clara seated on the floor, as if in earnest private conversation, but transfixed by the music; the rest in various comfortable and charming attitudes — an animated yet quiet company, looking very much as if an instantaneous photograph had been taken from real life.

The music ceased. Exclamations of pleasure and applause broke from the company, and once more they started upon their fascinating but bewildering chorus talk.

Clara and Kitty, confidentially. "I move we adjourn."

"There's no one to second it."

Clara gave a pull at her neighbor's dress, saying, —

"Second my motion — please."

"O, yes! I second it, though I don't know what it is."

Kitty. "It is moved and seconded that we adjourn; but where shall we meet next time?"

"Here."

"Well, here, when the committee call us."

"Yes."

Kitty, jumping up in a chair, and shouting to the company. "I say, girls, it's moved that we adjourn till called again. If it's your —"

"Ay! ay!" by everybody.

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold, windy day in February. The streets were filled with half-frozen snow and ice. The walking was bad, and the weather disagreeable. The sidewalks were crowded with warmly-clad people busily pushing from store to store, or hurrying on towards their comfortable homes. It was a fashionable street, lined with brilliant stores, and the resort of the better class of shoppers. The street ran up hill, and terminated opposite the open park. The keen west wind swept over the frozen lawns, and sighed through the great trees. A tough corner that. The sidewalk was slippery, and the wind seemed to possess an extra spitefulness as it rushed round the corners of the tall buildings. Warmly-clad and well-shod ladies found it a hard matter to weather that terrible corner ; and gentlemen clung

to their hats, and struggled up the slippery walk only to grasp their half-frozen ears, and hurry on, as soon as the brick cape was doubled.

Among the throng was a young girl. She had no warm fur cape, and her cloth shoes were very thin. One arm was in a sling, and with the other she vainly tried to keep her shawl together over her chilly breast. Twice she essayed the corner, and was driven back. Stopping in a store entrance to get breath, she tried once more. It was of no use.

"How terribly slippery it is! And so cold — so very cold! It seems as if I should freeze! There, I must give it up! Why, how curious! the people are all dancing about like mad!"

A carriage swept past, but the people inside were all standing on their heads.

"How very queer! I must be faint from the cold. What shall I do? Ah, I know! I'll step into the entry-way of the Melodeon, and warm myself for a moment at the great stove."

A dark, underground entry, gloomy and cheerless enough. At one end a short flight of steps led away up into the dark. A small door opposite the entrance opened into some other blackness and apparent void. On either side of this door were two huge stoves, in each of which glowed a dull-red fire. Not an inviting place; yet it was a warm and familiar place. Finding a seat, the girl sat down by one of the great stoves. With her free hand spread out before the black monster, and crouching half out of sight behind it, she presented a sad picture. Poor child! your lines have fallen in hard places. Seeking warmth from a dull stove, in the windy entry of a public building, is not cheerful, to say the least. Yet she was not without comfort. Up stairs they often had plenty of great and splendid music, and once in a while the poor child had a bit of it. Then, at the other end of the entry, was a narrow stairway, leading, as she thought, to a sort of terrestrial

heaven. There was a sign on the wall pointing the way. As the girl's eyes wandered about the place, they fell upon the sign; but they quickly dropped to the floor, for there was a dull ache in her young heart — an unsatisfied longing for unattainable happiness. And yet it was a very simple sign — only this: —

"CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
"UP STAIRS."

Many and many a time had she read it. In fact, she never entered the place without having her eyes wander to it. Yet it made her heart ache. To think of the hundreds of girls who went daily up those stairs leading to heaven, some of them unwillingly; yet she could never pass the narrow gate at the door. No, never; and it was best not to think of it. Yet the sign had a fascination she could not resist, and she began to dreamily read it again.

Just then a man passed along with a lamp

in his hand. From it he proceeded to light several gas-jets, and the place became quite brilliant. Then he opened a gate, and took his stand, as if he were the doorkeeper.

"The noon concert is going to begin," said the girl to herself. "I did not know it was so late. I suppose I must go; but I guess it will do no harm if I wait to hear the organ for a moment."

Directly a number of people, evidently strangers, began to enter and pass the man at the wicket. At the same time down the narrow stairs leading to the child's heaven came a throng of young people, both boys and girls. They seemed very happy in their warm clothing and pleasant company. At least they appeared so to the child crouching behind the great iron stove.

There is a commandment which says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods;" but she did, earnestly, and it was no guile. She envied them their comfortable looks, for she was poor,

and poverty stings ; but she more than all coveted their opportunities. Did they not go daily up those stairs ? Was that not a splendid thing ? Art made her home there, and thirsty souls were fed with water, if not that which taketh away all thirst, at least very nearly as good.

In the midst of these things there came a loud, full chord, as from some organ. How it rolled through the lofty corridor ! The child sat upright, with bright eyes and dilating nostrils — a clarion call indeed that woke her to new life — a running passage on some loud stop, and then the full chord again ; the mazy cadence again, and again the chords ; thicker, louder, and richer, the splendid harmony filled all the air with grandeur ; involved, chromatic, and strange in its abrupt and startling movement ; a pause, and the deep thunder of the pedals held one long note, while around and above grew up a mountain range of crowded chords, till all the winding harmony resolved itself into simple key, and

ceased; immediately a clear, distinct theme began among the higher notes.

The child listened with intenser eagerness.

"It is a fugue — old Bach, I guess."

Something brushed her dress, and a hand was laid upon her shoulder. Looking up, she saw a plaid dress, a fur cape, a jaunty hat, with a brave red feather, and beneath it a young and smiling face.

"O, Miss Buckland — is it you?"

"To be sure; but don't *Miss* me; I hate it; call me Kitty; say, how d'you do? Is your hand better, and what are you doing here?"

"O, nothing! I'm pretty well. I was only waiting."

"Waiting! What for?"

"O, nothing — that is, nothing very particular."

Kitty, meditatively. "Now, this won't do at all. Mary will be here directly, and then what shall we do?"

At this moment the door opened, and Mary Clifford entered. The organ still pealed, in ever-varying forms, its majestic fugue, flashing through the dull place splendid gleams of joy and music. Mary paused to listen. She at once recognized the character of the music, and said, —

"A fugue, I suppose. How fortunate! It will help fill up the time."

In a moment Kitty advanced, and there was a whispered conversation. Directly she turned to the child by the stove, and said, —

"Miss Bates, we are going to have a little music in the hall up stairs, after the concert is over. Mr. Standly is going to play the organ for us. Wouldn't you like to go? We shall not have to wait long."

"Some music! Indeed, I should be glad to do so. Must we wait here till he comes?"

"Yes; Mary has an errand up stairs at the Conservatory, but I will wait with you till she returns."

"Don't wait on my account. I can stay alone till you come back."

"Can you? Then I'll go. We'll be back soon."

The two girls departed, leaving her alone by the stove. Yet she did not care. The glory of the organ was poured all about her. The music surged like a great river, rich, full, and grand, in her delighted ears. She could not analyze its peculiar, scientific character, nor even understand it all; yet its grand and elevated style impressed and satisfied her. At last, mounting into a stately climax, it came to an end.

"How long those girls are! Ah, could I go up those stairs, how thankful I should be!"

Soon they returned, Mary reading a letter, and both looking very happy. With a significant glance, Kitty took the letter at last, and put it in her pocket.

Under the influence of the warmth and cheerful company, the spirits of the poor child revived.

She lost her diffidence, and felt quite at ease. This was mainly owing to the tact of Kitty and Mary, who never once, by look or word, allowed her to imagine that they were in any sense better than she.

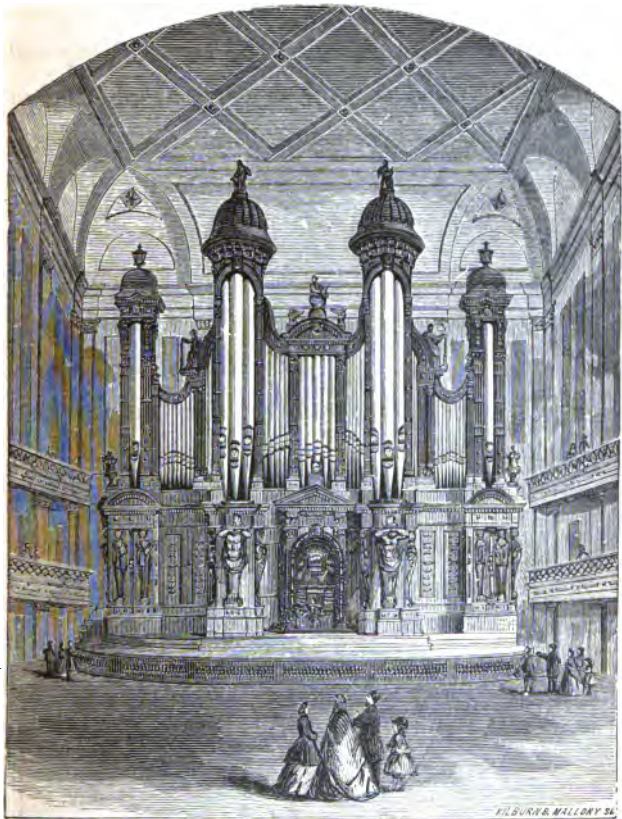
In merry talk, and in listening to the music which overflowed from the concert above, the time passed quickly away; and just as the people began to go out Mr. Standly arrived—a pleasant-faced gentleman; a merchant and an artist; a man of education, whose head was equal to the mysteries of the Board of Trade, and whose long, slender fingers could compass the perplexities of a great organ key-board.

“Good afternoon, girls. Ah, whom have we here?”

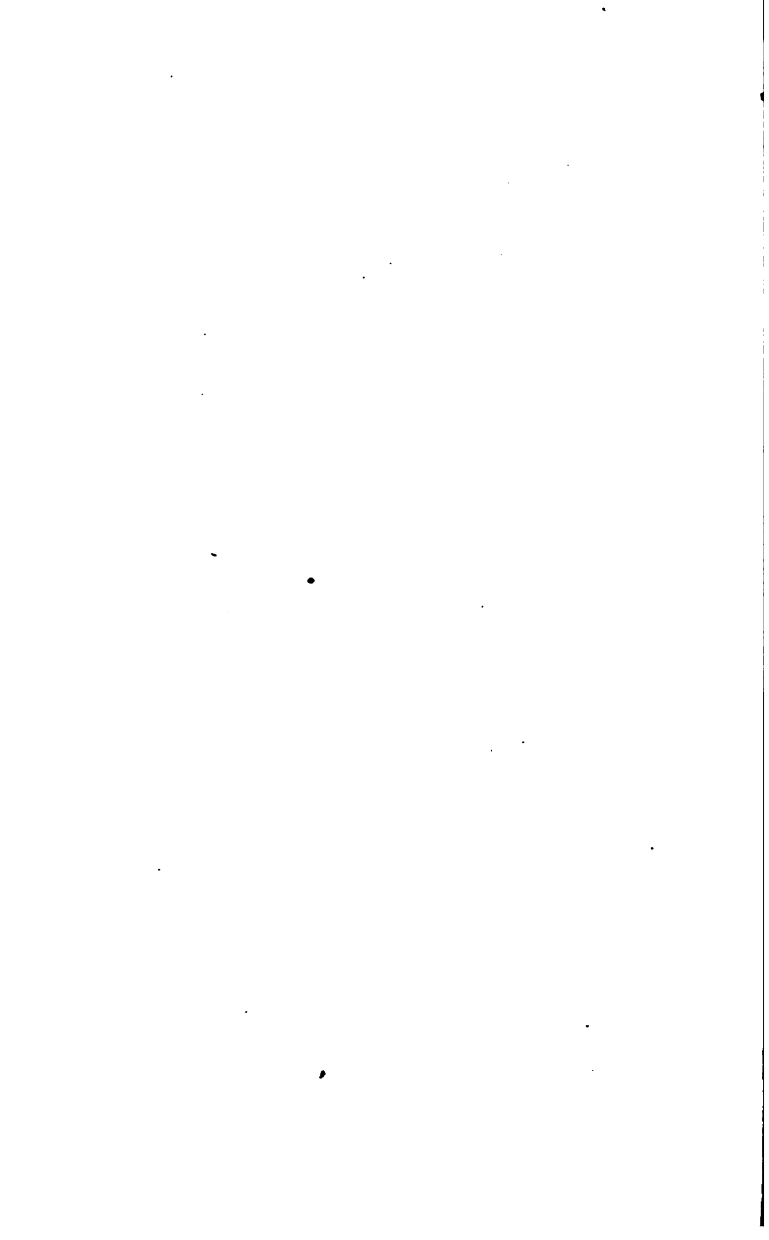
“Susan Bates, uncle. We have asked her to go with us.”

“Certainly. That was kind in you.”

Extending his hand cordially, he asked for her health, and if she had never heard the organ.



THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL ORGAN. Page 34.



"O, yes. At concerts, when I was in the choir. But that is not the way I should like to hear it. I want to hear it played alone."

"So you shall. Come, girls, let us go. The people have gone, and we can have the hall to ourselves."

A brief consultation with the door-keeper, and then the whole party passed up stairs and into the great hall above. As the door closed softly behind them, they involuntarily paused. High over head the lofty ceiling spread out in great gold-banded squares. The tall corinthian columns towered up towards the springing arches that supported the roof, and more impressive than all, the mighty organ, its great pipes gleaming white and cold. The heavy carvings, the quaint figures supporting the framework, the impassive wooden caryatides staring blankly at vacancy, and the great bronze figure dreamily gazing at some far-away tone-country; and everything so still and calm!

For a moment they had nothing to say. The hall was not lovely, but its great size, and the air of profound repose that settled over it, hushed them into silence. As for the organ, I need not describe it. The photographer has made it so familiar, that I doubt not you all know just how it looks. Each of our party had seen it many times before ; yet they paused, as by one impulse, to gaze upon the beauty of its carvings and the grandeur of its size and design.

"How still it is !" said Mary, in a half whisper.

"Yes," replied her uncle. "A deserted hall and a dumb organ seem profoundly quiet when we first see them. We associate so much of music with this place, that it seems almost desolate now. But come, let us wake up the organ. Perhaps it will sing as well for an audience of three as for three thousand."

"O, I don't think that, sir," said Susan.

"Why not?"

"I hardly know ; yet I always feel that I can

sing better when the hall is full than when only a few people are here. I have often noticed it when our society gives an oratorio."

"Have you?" said Mr. Standly, laying his hand upon her shoulder, and looking into her face. "You must be a bright girl, and with more brains than most of them."

Poor Susan blushed crimson, and was disconcerted for a moment; but she recovered, and said, quickly, —

"I thought you were going to play for us."

"So I will. Come — all of you."

Up the steps leading to the stage, and on towards the great bronze statue. Arrived there, they paused to examine it. Upon the front of the pedestal, they traced the name "Beethoven." This, too, I will not attempt to describe, as every print store in the Union has a picture of it.

"Why did they make it so large, uncle?"

"Because he was one of the great men of the

world, and it seemed fitting to represent him of heroic size."

"Heroic size! What is that?" said Kitty.

"Statues are made of different sizes — life size, heroic size, and colossal size. Life size you can understand; heroic is somewhat larger; and colossal is larger still. The statue upon the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and the great stone Ceres on the top of Horticultural Building in this city, are of colossal size; this one of Beethoven is heroic, as is the bronze soldier upon the soldiers' monument at Forest Hills Cemetery. Life size statues are rare. There is none in this city. But come, we must attend to our music."

"One thing more, uncle. What is that Beethoven holds in his hand? A roll of music?"

"Yes, and upon it are written a strain of music and a line of poetry."

"Why, I didn't know that!" exclaimed Kitty.
"What can it be?"

"The words are in German, and are taken from Schiller's Hymn to Joy : —

'All mankind are friend and brother
When thy soft wing fans the heart.'"

"Why, that's from the choral symphony," said Susan. "Is the music the same as that?"

"Yes ; Beethoven's most famous line of music, and Schiller's Hymn are cut in the bronze. But, girls, really we are losing time. Let us attend to the music."

"One thing more, uncle. Whose bust is that over the desk?"

"Father Bach's. The organ was his instrument ; so they put his face over the player, to remind him that only in his grand and solemn style should the organ ever be played, to warn him that the weak trash of the opera, and the thin vaporings of the empty heads, should never be allowed to soil the silver-tipped lips of these pipes. Sit down now, while I play one of Father Bach's best efforts."

Mr. Standly then sat down at the key-board, and, after arranging the stops, began to play with his left hand upon one key-board, the right upon another, and his feet on the pedals.

A low, deep note in the bass, and the right hand took a slow, graceful melody, that was immediately followed by the left. Alike in rhythm, but not in melody. Each part was different in tone, one being of a clear, brilliant quality, and the other liquid as a flute.

A pastoral. Well named, surely. Graceful, flowing, and continuous as the ripple of a summer brook running under the trees in the wood, or past the nodding flowers in the breezy meadow. Under it all was the one steady bass note held through measure after measure. It seemed as if all the music capable of being drawn from one note was used, and when it changed the wonder only increased, that from so little so much of grace and beauty could be taken. Finally it ceased — came to an end abruptly, as if it could

gone on in the same placid manner forever, and could be cut off anywhere.

"Why, how lovely, uncle! I never knew Bach wrote such music as that. I thought it was very scientific, and uninteresting except to students of music."

"That is the general opinion, but you see it is false in part. An intricate fugue is generally devoid of much real beauty; and if Bach had never written anything else, his fame would not be what it is. Among musicians his fugues are considered, and justly, as the great monument to his genius. There is, however, a vast deal of music of his, of a more popular nature, yet to be enjoyed when people are better educated in music, and when it becomes extracted from the dust of a century that has gathered upon it.

"Modern composers, Mendelssohn, Robert Frantz, and others, have dug up parts of it, and even rearranged it for the piano-forte, to make it more widely known.

"Now, let me play one of the great fugues, and then you can give your opinion of it."

With these words he turned the leaves of the music-book, and, drawing the full power of the organ, prepared to play.

"First comes the prelude; then the fugue. Attention, now."

Like an electric flash the right hand swept through a brilliant running passage. That past, the ponderous pedals, in one deep, loud note, and the left hand in a slow movement, gave the harmony, while the right hand sped on through a brilliant passage, to end suddenly in one splendid chord; a sweeping cadence, and this strange movement began again — slow and dignified harmony, with sparkling melody; not a singing melody, but of a stricter character, and interesting from its scientific nature. Soon it became more involved, and the running passage was merged into the harmony, making it more varied and pleasing. With a complicated turning and

twisting of the parts, the prelude came to a rich and solid close.

Such full, rich chords, rolled out in such immense masses from the pealing organ, was a musical treat indeed.

Now for the fugue. In slower time, though still quick and bright, the long-involved theme poured from the pealing pipes. Ah, the response in the next part! Two great streams of music, one the counterpart of the first, rolled through the hall. The pedals! Hear the same theme repeated in giant tones from the great diapasons and trumpets! Yet the two other parts ceased not, but continued their varied progress in exact time with the first strain.

So it went on, from one part to another, now high in the soprano, and now thundering through the bass, till it was worked up into a brilliant climax, and came to an end in a series of broken but sublime chords.

"O, girls, wasn't it fine? I wanted to sing

it all the way; it reminded me of the Amen Chorus in the Messiah; and that's the grandest thing to sing I ever saw."

"I think, Kitty, it is better than that," said Susan. "This is more varied."

"Perhaps it is," said Mr. Standly; "but the Amen fugue is more melodious, and naturally more popular. People generally would prefer it."

"I should," said Mary. "I may not have sufficient education to comprehend these fugues, and I think until I do that I cannot like them."

"I can understand you, Mary. This class of music is intellectual rather than emotional. You evidently prefer the other."

"Yes; I have to pay attention, and to think, to enjoy it. I do not always care for that. I prefer to be moved, or, at least, amused."

"Play just one more, sir. I may be mistaken in my opinion."

"Not entirely;" and he began to play again with the full organ.

A toccata and fugue. A toccata is a piece of music for the organ in a free and florid style, yet confined to certain rules—two loud unison notes; a rapid run down the scale; the unison again; another run; and then two full minor chords with the whole power of the organ; a long and rapid running passage in triplets for both hands, and then the mighty chords again. Once more the flying notes chased themselves over the keys, rushing upward only to slide down in broken and startling chords. So it went on; harmony of surpassing weight and grandeur contrasted with flashes of speeding cadences. With slow and majestic harmony, crowded thick with notes, it came to an end only to take up the intricate and complicated theme of the fugue. Here the girls were obliged to pay the strictest attention. To lose the place would be to miss the thread of the discourse, as it were, and to lose the enjoyment of the music. To follow it all required sharp ears, for

the long theme almost lost itself in a bewildering maze of notes.

In and out, twisted over and under, and through and through the parts, the single golden thread wound itself among the elaborate and complicated harmony, till it gradually resolved into a more simple movement and more sustained chords.

Suddenly it paused. Then from one hand to another ran a curious, snatchy sort of recitative, which led into slower and fuller chords. Once more the lightning-like flashes of the toccata came in, and then the loud-pealing chords grew thicker and slower; and the fugue reached a stately and dignified end.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the music ceased there was a pause. No one seemed inclined to speak. Susan was the first who broke the silence. Standing by the desk, and gazing earnestly at the keys, she said, in a half-sad tone, —

"Isn't it splendid to play such an organ?"

"It is, surely," replied Mr. Standly. "Do you wish you could do so?"

"Me! O, I do, indeed! I would give all I have — it's not much — to be able to play the organ, or even understand it. It is, as yet, a great mystery to me."

"What do you not understand?"

"Everything. I see you play, but I cannot comprehend how you get so much from so few keys."

"That's just my case," said Kitty. "I can

understand a piano easily ; that is simple enough. Each key gives a note that never varies, but here every key seems to have a hundred, and they are all different ; some loud, some soft, and — Well, I can't make anything of it."

"Nor can I, uncle," said Mary.

"Really, girls, you are dreadfully ignorant."

"O, I know a little," replied Kitty. "I know that the stops make a difference in the sound, just as they do in father's reed organs ; but I do not understand how, nor why. Then here are ever so many other things besides stops — queer machines of all kinds. Say, Mr. Standly, don't you want to explain it just a little?"

"I do, if you care to hear."

"O, we do !" by the trio. "Tell us about it ; it will not take long."

"Well, be attentive, and look sharply at each change in the machinery."

The three girls gathered round, attentive listeners. A pretty group they made. Kitty,

all eagerness and smiles, stood on one side, while Mary and Susan were on the other. Susan, as was her nature, a little retired, stood leaning her head against the heavy carvings, seemingly listless, but with keen eyes watching everything, and ready ears open to catch each word.

Father Bach overhead stared grimly away into the distance, which was not polite in him; but the great bronze Beethoven seemed to smile blandly down upon their young heads.

"Now, children," said Mr. Standly, "to understand the organ, you must know that in the piano, as Kitty said, each key sounds one note that never varies; it makes one instrument. In the organ we have many instruments combined. Instead of strings struck by hammers, we have pipes blown by a current of wind. The piano is a string instrument, the organ a wind one. Now, the first organs that were made had but one note to each key; that is, a single row of pipes was set up, and a key-board made to fit

—one key for one pipe. As far as playing was concerned, it was precisely like a piano; but in time an improvement was made; another row of pipes was put in, and instead of adding a new set of keys, they were fastened to the others. This gave the player control over two instruments. We now had two notes to each key. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Kitty; "it would be like playing two pianos at once."

"Precisely. But suppose each of the sets of pipes gave a different sounding note; suppose one was louder than the other, and there was some way by which the player could use either set he pleased, or both together; suppose there was some apparatus attached to the instrument by which one of the sets could be prevented from speaking; see, then, what an advantage the organist would possess. He could perform, by the aid of a single set of keys, upon two instruments, using both together, or each alone.

"To illustrate what I mean, let me play a few bars upon one of the sets of pipes here. These pipes are generally placed in rows in the organ, each row designated by a name, and controlled by one of these ivory handles, called 'stops,' displayed on either side of the keyboard. The name of each is, as you see, printed on the handle. This organ, being built in Germany, has German names on the stops; but I will give you the English names when they have any."

So saying, Mr. Standly drew forth one of the stops, and then, upon one of the key-boards, played a few notes.

"There, girls, that is the 'Principal,' or, in English, 'Open Diapason.' You hear its rich, full tone; if there were but one stop, that would be all the organ could do; if you look overhead you will see twenty-four of the largest pipes displayed in the centre of the case.

"Now, I will push that stop in; the keys are

silent; no sound comes from them when touched; every stop is in, and everything is, so to speak, 'out of gear.' Next I will draw another stop, the 'Gedeckt, or Stopped Diapason.'"

He did so; and from the same keys came an altogether different quality of tone — soft, subdued, and smooth. •

"Why, how very different!" exclaimed Kitty; "and how lovely! It's like velvet!"

"Yes; that velvety smoothness is characteristic of the 'Stopped Diapason.' Now, let me draw two more stops — the 'Basson' of sixteen feet, and the 'Ophicleide' of eight feet."

The 'Gedeckt' was pushed back, and the two other stops drawn down; these, upon the keys being touched, gave forth a loud, ringing, trumpet-like tone.

"How odd!" said Mary; "but, uncle, I do not understand one thing. What do the figures 16 and 8 mean? What is a Basson of sixteen feet?"

"That has reference to the length of the pipe which produces the lowest note on the key-board. In making organ pipes, it is found that a pipe which produces a certain note must be of a certain length. To produce a note one octave higher, the pipe must be just one half as long. To get a note one octave lower, it must be twice as long. As you can easily understand, the builder, in setting the pipes in the organ, can have the different stops of different pitch; may have the lowest note very low, or quite high: hence the numbers on the stop heads. The longest pipe which is ever made is thirty-two feet long; but our key-board is only about four octaves in compass: hence, if we begin with a thirty-two-foot pipe, the second octave will be sixteen feet, the third eight, and the fourth four feet. That will be the limit of the keys, but not of the pipes. So another stop may begin with a sixteen-foot pipe; the second octave will be eight feet, the third four, and the last two feet. So it

goes on, till we find some stops beginning with a pipe only two feet long, and ending with one only three inches high. In this way the player, with only four octaves of keys, can control ten octaves of notes. Listen to this 'Principal' of eight feet; the other Principal (Diapason) was of sixteen feet. I will hold the key down, and draw one stop after the other. You will not notice much change in the quality of the tone, but a movement upward of one octave in the pitch."

So saying, he put one finger upon a key, and drew forth, with the other hand, the stop marked Principal, sixteen feet; a certain note was produced: then, without lifting the key, the stop was changed to the Principal of eight feet; at once another note was heard, which the girls recognized as being one octave higher.

"That is right," said Susan; "for I took the pitch of the first, and this one I can't sing, as it is above my voice. If you were playing for

me to sing, you would have to play an octave lower."

"Yes; every change in the pitch would require a change in the position of the hands, but that is not the effect intended. The idea of changing the pitch is to give fulness and variety to the organ when two or more stops are drawn. I will now put down one key, and then draw out a sixteen, an eight, a four, and a two foot stop, one after the other; and you will observe that each time a stop is added, a higher note is added also."

He did so, and the girls noticed the described effect.

"One thing more. Not all of the stops extend over the whole key-board. Some go only one octave, some two, or half way. By this means the player has still further control over the pitch. He can arrange the stops so that one half his key-board is much higher than the other, and a greater variety be thereby secured.

But this is not all. A further change in the pitch is attempted — a change that at first sight seems not in accordance with musical science. Here is a stop marked 'Quint,' in English 'the Fifth.' The longest pipe is five and one third feet. Now, as the octaves come upon the even numbers, sixteen, eight, four, &c., a pipe slightly longer than five feet will produce something very different. It will not sound the note which belongs to each key, but one a fifth above it. For instance, if I touch 'C,' I do not get that note, but G, a fifth above it. So on through the whole fifty-eight notes.

"Here is one stop, marked 'Terz,' or the 'Tenth,' giving a tenth above the key, and with its lowest pipe only three and one fifth feet long. So we find the 'Quintflöte' with a pipe two and two thirds feet, producing a note a twelfth above the key; and the 'Terz Discant,' one and three fifths, giving a tone seventeen notes higher than the key. If I draw all of these stops at once,

the 'Quint,' the 'Terz,' the 'Quintflöte,' and the 'Terz Discant,' and then touch a key, I shall have four notes, but all different."

Mr. Standly did as described, and a high, shrill chord broke from the organ.

"Why," said Mary, "I expected a perfect uproar."

"O, no!" exclaimed Susan. "I know enough to feel sure it would not be so. They would be in tune with each other."

"Yes," said Kitty, "so they would as long as only one note was touched; but let Mr. Standly put down another key, and see what confusion results."

"But suppose, Kitty, I take two keys in tune with each other. What then?"

A pause. Here was a puzzle. As much as they might know about music, here was something beyond their grasp — a set of pipes in tune with each other when one note is struck, but add one more, confusion, uproar, and dis-

cord. What could be the use of such an unmusical arrangement in a musical instrument?

"Let me explain," said Mr. Standly. "These stops that give a different pitch from the key are called 'mutation,' or changed stops. Each pipe is in tune with some one key. To play chords upon these stops is impossible, as the only result is discord. And yet the fullest harmony is played upon them at times, and the effect is not only pleasing, but grand and inspiring. To understand this, we must examine a very deep law in the science of sound. Every time an organ pipe or a piano string sounds, we think we hear but one note, whereas, in reality, we hear three or more. Why this is so I cannot now explain. You must take my word for it. These extra tones are called 'over-tones,' and upon their number and force depends the richness or thinness of the sound. If the lowest tone we hear is enriched by these additional over-tones, it is plain that in sounding two notes

together, some of the high over-tones must clash, and be in discord with each other. Yet, in reality, this does not disturb the ear in the least, but adds to our pleasure in listening to the full, rich sound of these thickly-laden over-tones.

"The curious part of this matter is, that men have not only found means to change and modify these over-tones in any pipe or string, but to imitate them. These mutation stops are, therefore, put into the organ to produce artificial over-tones to the larger pipes. I will show you directly how it works in practice. But first, let me show you three more mutation stops, called the 'chorus stops.')

"These are also tuned in harmony with certain keys; but instead of merely a single row of pipes, we have several arranged in ranks, and all speaking, as their name signifies, in chorus. The 'Cornet' has five ranks all singing at once, the 'Mixture' six, and the 'Scharff' four. These,

like the 'Quint' and others, only produce discord, when used alone. As for instance."

Mr. Standly drew out the above-named stops, and touched a chord or two. But the effect was unbearable. It was like a shrill scream.

"Now," continued Mr. Standly, "let me draw the 'foundation stops,' as they are called — the great diapasons, the great reed stops, Clarions and Trumpets, and the clear-toned Flutes. Then I will add the chorus stops."

Drawing forth nearly all the stops in one set, he began to play.

The chords were loud, strong, and heavy, and greatly pleased his audience. Then, one at a time, the chorus stops were added, and with each came fresh brilliancy and brightness to the tone. With each additional stop, the tones increased in richness and splendor, till at last, when they were all out, the excitable Kitty fairly clapped her hands for joy.

"Hurrah, boys! Isn't it fine? It's like silver now."

The player ceased, and turned to the interested company beside him.

"I would not have believed it," said Mary.

"It is almost past belief. A strange paradox in music, which has puzzled the wisest heads in the world for years; and only recently did they solve it."

As for Susan, she said nothing. She had never stood so near those wonderful keys and fascinating stops before, and her heart was filled with unsatisfied longings and a great wonderment.

Ah, the organ was a mighty thing. If she could only play it, how completely happy she would be! Then she could go to church, and help the people praise the Lord with a loud and splendid noise.

But in all this she said nothing. Poor little music-loving soul, little did she know that the

one great desire of her life was at that moment wrapped in white paper in the lively Kitty's pocket.

"Now, girls, we must hurry on. So much for the varied pitch of the stops. Next let us look at the quality of some of the individual ones. Not only are some stops of different pitch, but of a different quality, as you saw in the case of the 'Principal' and 'Gedeckt,' one being loud, the other soft. Here is one marked 'Viola da Gamba.'"

Drawing it out, he touched a few notes. A pungent, reedy tone of moderate force answered the keys.

"Here's another — the 'Hohlflöte.'"

To this the organ answered in a hollow, mellow tone, in pleasant contrast to the last.

"Here is a reed stop — 'the Trumpet.' It does not sound well alone."

This produced a loud, stirring tone, like the

sound of the instrument for which it is named. Yet the girls did not like it.

"I do not wonder. Such reed stops are too harsh to be used alone. Let me add a diapason or two, and then see what a full and martial tone we have."

This was done, and then they proceeded to something else.

"So far, as you will notice, I have been using only the second bank of keys from the bottom. There are four in all, and each controls a different group of stops. Each is a complete organ in itself. This one has all its pipes grouped in the centre, and is called the great organ. This key-board next below controls another organ, called the 'swell.' The pipes of this group are in the rear of the organ, and are enclosed in a huge box having shutters up and down the front. When these shutters are closed, the sound of the pipes in the box is muffled and subdued. By the aid of this little pedal, just under the desk, I can

open or close the shutters with my foot. See, now, I will draw a stop, and then work the pedal."

At first they could hardly hear anything; but soon the soft, sweet tones grew louder, and then faded away, rising and falling, advancing and retreating, in a most charming manner.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Kitty. "What stop is it? It is very sweet and soft."

"The 'Dolce.' It is one of the softest stops in the organ, and of a beautiful tone."

Once more he played a few slow chords, and the girls listened with eagerness to catch the almost unheard tones. Strange, indeed, that such a mighty instrument could be subdued to such quiet beauty!

"Here is another," said Mr. Standly, closing the 'Dolce,' and drawing the 'Salicional.' "How peculiar its reedy tones! Louder than the 'Dolce,' and more penetrating."

"Still another, the 'Rhorflöte,' is a very pleasing

stop. The over-tones are subdued by a particular style of construction, and give to the pipe the full, pure quality you hear.

" Another, the 'Traversflöte,' with pipes of wood, in shape like a common German flute. A hole is drilled in the middle, which has the effect of bringing out the over-tones alone, and extinguishing the ground tone, so that we have the sparkling, liquid character you notice.

" Still another, the 'Cornettino,' a trumpet stop, but subdued and quiet.

" There are many more stops in the swell, — diapasons, chorus, stops, &c., — but similar to the great organ, except in power.

" Now let us turn to the third manual, or bank. This, too, has flutes, dulciannas, diapasons, and chorus stops, but differently arranged, so that when all are combined the united tone is different from either the great or swell organ. All of these pipes are grouped together at one side of the organ, and for all practical purposes,

make a complete instrument by themselves. Among its stops are several of great beauty, the 'Physharmonica,' a reed stop, sounding like the best of our reed organs. In fact, it is only a reed instrument without pipes at all. Here is another, the 'Viola'—soft, pure, and pleasing. Then we have the 'Hohlpheife'—a bright liquid tone, suitable for brilliant music. There are several more, but time forbids further display of them.

"Now we turn to the top bank of keys, sometimes called the 'Solo organ,' because the stops are designed to be used in solos. After this fashion."

So saying, he drew out the Dolce and Gedecke on the swell organ, and with his left hand played a few simple chords; with the right a song, or solo, using the 'Concert flute' stop. The effect was beautiful in the extreme. The low, sweet tones in the accompaniment, and the clear, brilliant sparkle of the single stop, made a combi-

nation which the girls could not sufficiently admire.

In the same manner the 'Corno Bassetto' was displayed, its reedy and clarinet-like tones drawing forth new expressions of pleasure from the trio.

Then the 'Vox Humana' was drawn. The girls here were all attention. They expected something very like the human voice, from which the stop is named. To tell the truth, they were disappointed. It was a charming stop, of a most peculiar and interesting tone, but the imagined resemblance to a choir singing failed to strike them. The imitation is not close. It requires some imagination to see the resemblance. When the stop is used alone, and full chords played upon it, the effect is better, but, really, not enough to justify the name — "Vox Humana." This stop, Mr. Standly said, was composed of two ranks of reed pipes, two to each key — one set of metal and one of wood. The wooden pipes being bent, and having a very peculiar

mouth, the combined tones give it its fancied resemblance to a human voice. In this organ this stop is an experimental one. Many American organs doubtless contain more life-like, expressive, and better "Vox Humana" stops.

Two more stops were exhibited — the "Vox Angelica" and the "Piccola." The last was simply a brilliant fife for martial music. The "Vox Angelica," like the "Vox Humana," was designed to imitate a voice — the voice of an angel; but as we never heard an angel, the resemblance is uncertain. However, it was soft, delicate, and delicious.

Then Mr. Standly played a few chords upon the "Æoline," the softest stop in the whole organ — a sweet, liquid tone, so faint and far away it seemed almost lost in the distance, and like such music, smooth and charming to the enraptured ear.

"Lastly," said Mr. Standly, "we come to the pedal organ, or organs, for there are two of

them to one set of keys — keys not played with the hands, but the feet. The key-board is upon the floor, as I will show you.”

So saying, he moved one side, and displayed under the seat a full set of keys extending a little over two octaves; not small ivory keys, but of wood, and very large — in fact, the thirty notes took up more room than the fifty-eight on the other key-boards. The flats and sharps were there, as in the others, but not of a different color. There was no need of that, as the keys were of such size that their names and positions were easily seen.

“These keys are called the pedals, and are played upon by the feet; the pipes for them make the ‘pedal organ,’ and, being of immense size, are scattered about among the other pipes, wherever they can find standing-room. Listen, now, while I draw all the stops, and run a scale with my feet.”

Taking his seat again, he rapidly used one

foot after the other, touching the bars of wood, like so many keys, while from the organ ran upward, one after the other, deeper and louder notes than any they had heard. It was, indeed, another organ, but much lower in pitch than the notes of the others.

"You, see, girls, the organist has two sets of hands, counting his feet as one set! He cannot play full chords, seeing he has but two feet; but, by the skilful use of his toes and heels, a new and wonderful control is gained over his instrument. This playing the bass notes with the feet is the one distinctive feature of the organ. It admits of a greater range than the piano, and gives to organ music its peculiarly deep and solemn character. An organ with the pedals left out would be a poor thing indeed. The ponderous tones from the gigantic pipes of the pedals are the most impressive and valuable feature of the instrument. They make the broad and massive foundation upon which the great

structure of tones is built. Now you shall hear, or rather feel, some of the single pedal stops. The first is the 'Principal Bass,' or 'Thirty-two-foot Double Double Diapason.' If you look up overhead, you will see six great white pipes, three on each side, in the towers; those are among the largest pipes in this stop."

The girls stepped back, where they could gaze upward at the enormous pipes, glistening cold and bright, and stretching almost up to the lofty ceiling.

"What!" said Mary. "Do those great pipes, with the faces painted upon them, speak? What a tremendous tone they must produce!"

"On the contrary," said her uncle, "they do not produce a very loud tone, but wonderfully deep. Listen to one of them sounding a note an octave lower than the lowest note of a piano."

The girls were all attention, but heard nothing. The air about them shook. Something

was beating upon their chests. They felt the sound in their ears, but not till they became accustomed to the sense of a dull, trembling stir in the air, did they recognize that there was a musical tone in the vibrations. Another note was taken one interval higher, and then they perceived a change in the strange quiver that seemed to oppress and crush all about them.

"Stop it, uncle. I do not like it, It frightens me. It is too unearthly and oppressive."

"I don't wonder you dislike it."

The sound ceased, or rather the air became calm, and the girls breathed free.

"Now, I rather liked it," said Kitty. "It was like an earthquake. It made little cold shivers run down my back. It was so strange I wanted to laugh, and yet it frightened me."

"And what do you think of it?" said Mr. Standly, turning to Susan.

The child's lips were white, but her eyes sparkled.

"O, it was magnificent! I wanted to put my foot on the pedals, and play with such mighty notes. It would be terrible fun."

"Terrible fun!"

"Yes. I should tremble to touch the pedals. The great notes would nearly shake me off the seat, but I would play on."

"You're a genius, Miss Bates."

"A genius! What's that?"

"Ah, that is a hard, hard question to answer. But let us hasten on. Here is one more thirty-two-foot stop—the 'Bombardon.'"

Here, instead of an oppressive flutter in the air, there was a deep, noisy rattle—a dull clatter almost without pitch, and certainly without beauty.

The girls did not fancy this stop any more than the last.

"No; I am not surprised. Neither of these stops are of any value alone, but, combined with the rest, they add a ponderous weight to

the organ not to be obtained in any other way. Though almost unheard, yet they really make the most important and impressive stops in the organ. The pedal organ does not end here. There are more pipes and stops, but, as they are merely the bass, or continuation of some of the other stops, — flutes, violas, bassoons, trumpets, &c., — we will not wait to examine them.

"There, children, are nearly all the stops controlling the five thousand four hundred and seventy-four pipes in the organ — eighty-nine speaking stops. Now we come to the silent stops — those that merely control the mechanical parts of the organ, and enable the player to modify, in various ways, the different groups of speaking stops.

"First among these come the coupling stops — mechanical contrivances by which the key-boards are united, so that by playing upon one, any or all of the others are used also. In this way."

So saying, he moved, by a slight pressure, one

of the small ivory knobs between two of the keyboards; and then, by touching a key, every key of the same name fell down also. By a change in the little knobs, any one or two of the keyboards were combined together.

"But," said Kitty, "why not have them joined all the time? I would, if I were playing. I'd like all the power I could get."

"O, no!" exclaimed Susan. "That would not do. There would be no variety."

"Nor high contrasts," added Mr. Standly.

"What are they?" said Mary.

"Sudden changes from great power to extreme piano, or from the brilliant and martial reeds to the flute-like wooden pipes, contrasting light and shade, and enabling the performer to give great expression to the music. Nor is this all; the copulas combine the banks; but here, beneath the keys and just above the pedals, you see small iron pedals, called 'composition pedals,' projecting through the wood-work. By their aid

still further field is opened for the display of changes in the character of the music. By touching one of these, a certain group of stops is drawn out without disturbing any others. A whole day would hardly suffice to explain in detail the endless combinations of stops that can be produced by all these various mechanical contrivances. All we can do is to take a mere glance at this wonderful instrument. One curious apparatus, called the 'Crescendo pedal,' deserves a word before we go. You will notice on the floor, before the pedals, a wooden bar extending from side to side.

"By placing the foot upon it, and giving a slight push to the right, one after the other, from the softest to the loudest stops are drawn, and that without lifting the hands from the keys. Observe also the round dial at the head of the key-boards. It has figures on it, from five to ninety. As the pedal is moved, the hand on the dial moves also, and points to the number

of the stops then drawn. I will take a chord, and you can see the effect."

The girls were all attention. A low, soft sound, as of music far away. Slowly it grew louder and nearer. Now quite plain. The hand on the dial swept on to figure ten. Louder grew the music. The hand moved faster, and rose quickly among the thirties and forties. The music pealed louder and louder. Onward went the dial-hand, and, like a huge river bursting all bounds, the great stream of sound poured through the place, filling the great hall with one splendid resounding chord. But it began to faint. Some of its ringing power had gone. Ah, the dial! The hand was sweeping back again. Down it slid. The sound grew softer and softer, and finally melted away again upon the single sweet stop, known as the *Dolce*.

For this last display the girls had no words. It exceeded all their expectations, and gave them

a new idea of the wonderful capabilities of a grand organ.

"There, children, is all we have time to examine now. We must be moving towards home."

"For my part," said Kitty, "I'd like to stay till night. I'm ever so much obliged to you, sir. I think I have an idea or two that will be of use to me."

"So am I, sir — very much obliged indeed. I am truly glad I came. I shall try to remember what I can, though I can't even play a piano."

"Can't you, Miss Bates? I supposed you could. Have you never taken any lessons in music?"

"Never. All I know I picked up in school or from books. I want to learn more, but suppose I never can."

At this, Kitty and Mary looked at each other for an instant, and then nearly choked with

laughter. Mr. Standly had a shy twinkle in his eye, but pretended to frown upon their apparent rudeness. As for Susan, she was uncomfortable enough. By this time the party were standing just before the great bronze Beethoven. They paused a moment to look back upon the two giants — the statue and the organ.

"Bach and Beethoven," said Mr. Standly. "Mighty men, both of them. See, children, how proper their close neighborhood. Bach looks at us from his own instrument, and Beethoven is often surrounded by the orchestra, the great tone kingdom over which he rules, a king. When you think of these two, remember what we owe to each. To one, the great symphonies; to the other, not only magnificent music for the organ, but the very science of playing it. He never had such an instrument as this to play upon, yet to him we owe a great deal of its present high position. He did not invent any new speaking or mechanical stops; yet to him

we owe a great step in the art of using these wonderful resources. To him we owe many fine combinations of the stops, and we might almost add, the whole science of playing. To merely handle the keys of an organ is but a small part of the skill. To combine the varied tones of the stops, to group the different clusters of pipes, and to control the resources of the pedals, the copulas and other strange mechanical contrivances, test the skill of the player. Organ playing is one of the great arts, and to Bach we owe its high position. He, by his own genius, advanced it greatly, and through the great company of his pupils his art has come down to us."

CHAPTER IV.

JUST at this point the lively Kitty must needs pull out her handkerchief — nothing in itself, but with it came a letter that fluttered to the floor at Susan's feet. The latter stooped to pick it up, and as she did so, read the direction, — she could not help it, for it was lying face up, — "Susan Bates," in a bold hand.

Surprised at the discovery, she hesitated an instant, and then, blushing to the roots of her hair, she handed it to Kitty. If Susan was confused, poor Kitty was utterly disconcerted. The discovery of a letter in her pocket so directed was certainly peculiar.

"O, what have — goodness! Mary, here is that letter. What shall we do now? What a dreadful blunderbuss I am! I'm always getting into scrapes."

"What is the matter, Kitty?" said Mr. Standly.

"Nothing — only — the letter."

"What letter?"

"Why, uncle, it's the bill. We got it to-day at the Conservatory."

"O! I understand. You were going to give it to her to-day."

"Yes, but not now."

Poor Susan was dumb. What all this meant she could not guess. At the word *bill* her heart seemed to stop beating. Something choked her. A bill! What terrible thing was about to happen? Had some storekeeper sent his bill to herself, instead of her poor father?

Utter nonsense. Such a fright at the mere mention of a bill! But it was not to be wondered at. Unpaid bills were the terror of her life.

"How can you help it? Give it to me, Kitty."

Kitty took the letter from Susan, and gave it to Mr. Standly.

"This needs explanation, Susan. You may seem surprised at all this, but the truth is, we intended this for you. It was to have been sent to your house this afternoon. As you have accidentally discovered it, you may take it. If you like, you can open the letter here, and now."

It was now Kitty's and Mary's turn to be astonished. That Susan should examine the letter before them was quite alarming. Kitty seized Mary by the hand, and was on the point of running away. Too late. Susan had already broken the seal, and was leaning, pale and excited, against the pedestal of the great bronze Beethoven. Her hair had partly fallen down, and her bonnet was half off. With timid eyes she looked at the sheet of paper contained in the envelope. No one spoke for a moment.

The child closed her eyes partly, and raised the sheet to her face. What could it mean? A bill for musical instruction in the Conservatory for one year, made out against herself — and paid. Here it is :—

(Date.)

MISS SUSAN BATES:

To the Conservatory of Music, Dr.

For Tuition in Piano-forte,	\$60.00
“ “ Voice,	60.00
“ “ Organ,	
“ “ Orchestral Instruments, . . .	
“ “ Harmony,	60.00
	<hr/>
	\$180.00

Received Payment,

H. TONWERKE.

A faint flush spread over her face. It deepened till her cheeks fairly glowed. Her eyes sparkled, grew very bright and liquid. With a quick movement she turned round, and buried her face in her hand. Her bonnet fell off, and

her fair hair rolled down over her arm, and clustered between Beethoven's feet.

Mr. Standly laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Are you hurt, my dear?"

She shook her head.

"You will accept our present?"

A little pause; then she straightened herself up, and faced them.

"Accept! O, I will, I will! I never was so happy in my life. How did you think of it?"

"Ask Mary."

"Was it you? O, let me kiss you!"

"It wasn't I; it was Kitty."

"O, it was both of you. How can I ever thank you. I can't. I never can. I can only be as good as possible, and work. O, won't I work!—and — and — well, I'm so happy I want to cry."

And she did. So did Mary; Kitty, too, just

for a second; then she shook her curls, and said, —

“There! Was there ever such nonsense? What is the matter? What we have done is nothing to what you did. It’s all right. Now, don’t be silly.”

“Fie, Kitty; it’s you who are silly.”

“Well, folks are always silly when they are as happy as I am.”

“That’s right, Susan. Never be ashamed of your feelings. We are all glad you like your present. Now you can have your heart’s desire, and learn to sing. Then you can sing the Hymn to Joy to your heart’s content. Don’t you remember it says, —

‘All mankind are friend and brother

When thy soft wing fans the heart!’”

It is said that at these words the bronze statue actually smiled. Old Father Bach looked as solemn as an owl, but Mozart, up on his high

pedestal, smiled blandly down on the group, while Palestrina looked quietly happy. One of the wooden giants on the organ shook himself so severely at the sight of so much pleasure that he cracked one of his walnut muscles. As for Apollo, he intended to step down and congratulate the girls, but concluded he wouldn't, and staid where he was; very proper in him, to be sure.

How true this last is, I cannot say, as I was not there, and the girls never told me more of the interview.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day Susan was admitted to the Conservatory of Music; actually went up those "stairs leading to heaven," and became a learner in the temple of music. She was examined carefully, and then placed in a class with five other pupils — a position, I am told, that was not by any means among the musical abecedarians.

With a heart full of joy and gratitude at the realization of all her girlish hopes, she arrayed herself in her best, and called that evening upon Mrs. Standly, to express her thanks for the great and good gift she had received. The entire family were at home — Mary, Alfred, and the rest. They had just finished tea, and were listening to an account of yesterday's doing from the lips of the lively Kitty, who was spending the evening with them.

Such a warm and hearty welcome! Really they would not let her get one word in about her thanks. Such a fund of talk! So much to see and admire in the great house! So much to hear about music that her own little affairs were nearly forgotten!

After a while it was proposed to have some music.

"What shall I play?" said Mr. Standly.

"Something from Bach," said Mary. "I'd like to hear a piece of his for the piano."

"Here is the 'Well-tempered Clavichord.'"

"What is that?" said Susan.

"A collection of forty-eight preludes and fugues in all the keys. He was the first to play keyed instruments in all the twenty-four major and minor keys, or modes, and among the first to use our present method of tuning, known as the even temperament—hence the name 'Well-tempered Clavichord.' The one I

will play is No. XII. The prelude comes first, then the fugue."

If the young people expected the sweetness and grace of Mozart, the elegance of Haydn, the plaintive softness of Mendelssohn, or the sturdy strength and grandeur of Handel, they were disappointed; utterly unlike any of these; plain, straightforward, without striking melody, and devoid of anything like ornament; smooth and steady in its constant flow of intricate harmony.

The fugue was very much like the prelude, except that it had even less melody, and was still more intricate in its harmony. When the music ceased, various opinions were expressed.

"It sounded to me just like an exercise," said Kitty.

"Now, I liked it," said Alfred.

"I'm sure I did not," replied Mary. "It seemed very tiresome. There was no melody to it."

"Your criticism is not wholly good, Mary.

It is true the themes of Bach's fugues often lack in interest, but, as works for study and science, they exceed all other music in the world."

"Isn't it because we haven't learned to like it that such music seems dull to us? I'm sure, when I went to school, I didn't care a pin for books that I prize highly now."

"You have taken the right view, Susan. Bach was such a master-mind—such a mighty genius—that it requires study to appreciate him. He lived upon such a high level that we must climb up, and stand, musically, where he did, to understand him. His own times did not understand him, and it is only now, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, that the greatness of the man is beginning to be appreciated. Yet in all this you must not be led away by the common estimation of the man. It is not true that Bach's music is altogether dull, dry, scientific, and uninteresting. Much of his music does lack in melody; a vast deal of it,

on the other hand, is full of all that is lovely, graceful, and melodious. Let me play some of his secular music that has been arranged for the piano."

With these words Mr. Standly laid one side the 'Well-tempered Clavichord,' and put in its place another and larger music-book. The children sat down, and prepared to listen.

A most peculiar piece of music, extremely easy and simple, and yet as neat and elegant as cut glass—a pure, refined, singing melody, combined with the most beautiful harmony.

"Why, how very, very pretty!" exclaimed Kitty. "Is that really from Bach?"

"Yes; there is the title in German—'Sammlung der Clavier—Compositionen von Johan Sebastian Bach.'

"Hear this piece, called 'The Song of the Post-horn.' Perhaps you imagine Bach was only a writer of sacred music; yet here is a piece descriptive of the winding of the post-boy's horn

as the mail drives through the village. Following it is a fugue upon it."

A post-horn, indeed. Wide awake, merry, and with the breezy echoing notes of the horn repeated in a lively manner over the key-board. The fugue was queer enough. Imagine a short and rapid trumpet-call worked up into an harmonious and scientific fugue, with the same brilliant melody repeated again and again, till one was surfeited with musical good things.

"Here is another," said Mr. Standly, "of a totally different character, and very beautiful."

This piece opened with short, detached chords, with little running cadences in the bass between each — a most musical and graceful introduction. Then followed a sparkling melody, with plain and simple harmony. The air was not like many songs by other writers, leaping over great intervals in the key-board, but kept within those few notes that constitute the middle and best part of the piano.

"One more," said Mr. Standly.

This was in another key, and much faster in time — a short, simple piece of writing, but as elegant, melodious, and pleasing as could be desired. When it was over, the children could not find words to express their pleasure. It was a new revelation in music, and they were surprised at its novelty and beauty.

"To go still farther," said Mr. Standly, "listen to some of his dance music; not such as we hear nowadays. The dance had not degenerated in those days, and was a dignified affair, in which all, both young and old, took part. Some of the dances, as you will see, were in very slow time. As for instance."

With these words he began to play. In waltz time, with full and elaborate harmony, and with a graceful, attractive melody, the music rippled from the keys in a perfectly charming manner.

Several more were played. All of them very

similar to the last, and proved themselves pleasing pieces of music.

"Here is one more in the real Bach style. A little theme, lively and pretty in itself, is taken and treated in the strict fugue style."

The result was a most peculiar and interesting composition — perfectly appropriate for its intended use, to accompany a dance, and yet scientific and classical in construction.

"There," exclaimed Alfred, "that's music. I did think dance music poor enough, and used to wonder how anybody could play it; but this is really elegant and valuable."

"And it's so queer," said Kitty, "to think of dancing to music that is as precise and finished as an organ piece. If I were dancing to such music, I should want to stop and listen. The music would be more entertaining than the dance."

Further discussion was had, and then Mr. Standly turned to the music-book — not to play

this time, but to call their attention to a peculiar class of music written by Bach. These pieces were not so pleasing as the others, but interesting, as showing the kind of music studied in Bach's school — fifteen pieces, called "Inventions," each designed to illustrate some principle in music. Like all invented music, they did not rise to the level of composed music, — music written from the heart and feelings of the author, — but were mere studies, bookish and dull. As exercises, however, they stand higher than anything else of the kind in the world.

"It was to his school that he gave the best of his abilities," continued Mr. Standly; "and even now his work is more seen in our improved methods of playing than in the popularity of his works. Every piano and organ player in the world follows his improved methods without even knowing it. It is to him we owe a better style of fingering the keys, and many improved combinations of stops. It is said that before his day only the

four fingers' were used in playing. The use of the thumbs, and our best ideas about placing and using the fingers, were his invention. In his early years he discovered that his fingers were unequal in strength. To correct this he wrote for his own use five-finger exercises, which he practised continually, till he so increased the strength and elasticity of his hand that he was equal to the hardest tasks—so well practised that he boasted that he could play anything at sight."

"O," said Susan, "I don't believe that. No one could do it."

"So it seemed in Bach's case. The story is, that a friend once purposely placed an immensely difficult piece of music on his harpsichord. Bach looked at it, tried it over, and failed, upon which the friend laughingly said, 'O, no; one must not say that anything can be played at sight.' You may take the story for what it is worth. I doubt its truth myself. Bach was not naturally of a

boastful character. In playing he used all the keys, and insisted before his scholars that all were equally easy, and wrote what is called the 'Chromatic Fantasia,' to prove it—a remarkable piece of music, that modulates into every key.

"As for registration, or the art of combining the stops of the organ, he astonished the players and frightened the builders. They were alarmed at his audacity in making combinations unheard of in the art. But his very boldness caused them to consult him as an expert. If a new organ was ready, he must be called upon to examine it; and if he was satisfied with the work, the bills were gladly paid. He was very conscientious about this, and made many enemies by his freedom in expressing his dislike towards certain poor instruments.

"This freedom and frankness he carried into everything. Young and inexperienced players were as severely treated as were the bad organs. It may have been a fault, but it was an error on

the right side. This was one of the things which carried the fame of his school so high. His pupils proved themselves well, if rather harshly, taught."

"Really, uncle, I never heard so much of the man before; but tell us: was the organ music you played the other day, and these things we have just heard, all that he wrote?"

"No. He wrote for every instrument. There was an orchestra attached to his church, and upon high church days he used the organ, two choirs, and two bands, together with the regular choral service of the congregation. Every Sunday in the year, for five years, he wrote a new cantata for the usual service. Chants, anthems, and set pieces of every kind, and for all parts, constantly flowed from his pen. Once a year, during 'Passion week,' he wrote what is called 'Passion Music,' a kind of oratorio or cantata descriptive of the passion of our Savior. One of these has been translated into English."

"How did he look?" said Kitty. "Was he a pleasant man?"

"Yes; socially he was said to be a good and pious man, and hospitable and liberal to others in his profession. His personal appearance was peculiar—stout, full-faced, and very plain. In fact, his portraits represent him as anything but prepossessing."

"Hadn't you better go on, uncle, and tell the whole story?" said Alfred.

"I have let your aunt tell the stories of the old tone masters. Perhaps you had best go to her."

"Will you, aunt?" said Mary. "It is a nice time now. Kitty and Susan are here."

"With pleasure; only your uncle should first tell you of the man who had seen a man who knew Bach."

"How was that?" exclaimed the children.
"Tell us, Mr. Standly."

"It was Robert Franz."

"Robert Frantz, the composer! Did you ever see him?" exclaimed Kitty.

"Yes; when we were in Europe, a few years since, I called upon his family at their home in Germany, and a very pleasant family it was. The Frau, or, as we should say, Mrs. Frantz, was a charming person — intelligent, fine-looking, and interesting. There were two children — a bright, blue-eyed girl, and a boy, about fourteen, with long white hair falling down over his shoulders. Frantz himself was a middle-aged man, but afflicted with a severe neuralgia in his face, which prevented his being very talkative. He treated me kindly, and insisted upon my making them a visit. It was his custom to take long walks in the open country, and upon these expeditions I often went. He had a handkerchief tied over his face, and could not talk plain; yet he proved himself a most entertaining companion. The days were very short then, and several times our rambles extended far into the night. He

was a great admirer of Bach ; so great, indeed, that he has found among his forgotten music many of the best songs, and written new piano-forte accompaniments to them.

"This was a good work, for it proved that not all of Bach's music is so tiresome as many suppose. In fact, he has done a great deal to revive Bach's music, and show us its real beauties. Among other things, he told me that when he was young he knew a very old man, who, when he, the man, was young, was the sexton of Bach's church, and knew him well.

"The young Franz asked the old sexton what people thought of Bach when he was alive ; and the man replied, that he was considered a fine player and composer, but that his compositions were very much alike.

"Just as all high mountains are alike, in their towering grandeur and majesty.

"Franz was, as I say, a great admirer of Bach, and showed how the influence of his music

has affected all the music written since. He even said that if Mozart, Haydn, and the other great composers, could have known, at that time, what a mighty genius Bach was, they would have paused before they ventured to compose anything. This was a pretty strong thing to say; but I suppose he meant that Bach, as a writer of scientific music, was far above all composers that ever lived. Many have exceeded him in sweetness, elegance, grace, and sentiment, but never in high art and science.

"It was during that visit to Germany that I saw Bach's old church. The organ he used to play upon was gone, having been removed to a little church in Arnstadt. I saw another, said to be just like it. It was a rude affair, with such heavy keys that it was almost impossible to handle them. I could not help thinking Bach must have been a hard-handed old fellow to play such a machine. But we won't laugh. The tone of the instrument was superb.

"Now let me leave the rest of the story to your aunt."

.

Long time ago, somewhere in the sixteenth century, there lived in Thuringia, Germany, a man named Veit Bach (pronounced as if spelled *Bark*). His name, residence, and occupation would doubtless have slipped from the minds of men, were it not that he was the many times great-grandfather of John Sebastian.

This Veit Bach was a miller, and a performer on the guitar. Often, while the grain slipped through the hopper, and the great stones ground slowly round and round, with the cheerful clatter of the machinery in his ears, this queer genius twanged his light guitar, with only the rats and himself for an audience. This is all we know of the man, except that he had two sons, to whom he left, as a legacy, his own love of music.

Like good children, they improved their talent,

and handed it down to their own sons. Contrary to the usual course, the talent improved with every generation, till there grew up quite a company of people who rejoiced in music and the family name of Bach.

There must have been a great many of the Bachs, for they found it impossible to earn a livelihood in one city, and separated, each taking up some musical office, as chanter, organist, &c., in different German cities. None of them ever reached any celebrity in music, and they owe what little notice they receive from the mere fact that their name was Bach.

Now, families, as well as individuals, have peculiar characteristics; therefore, in studying the great Bach, some account of the little Bachs, his relations only in name, will aid us in our estimation of his own character.

Frugal, contented with little, happy in their music, their families and homes, they seemed wanting in ambition and enterprise. They did

not care to make great names, much money, or to travel abroad in the great and stirring world. They preferred the quiet of their own houses, and were content to live and die in the shadow of their cathedrals, and within sound of their beloved organs. To take an active part in the music of their own little villages, to love their wives, and bring up their numerous children in the proper musical way, formed their ideal of life — an uneventful life, but full of peace, love, happiness, and music. Looking at them from a distance, and through our American atmosphere, we may pity them, but I fancy that, after all, they were fortunate people, even if they never saw a steamboat, or owned a sewing machine. They wore wooden shoes, and burned no gas, but they had fine-toned organs that they played upon with skill and feeling.

If these Bachs loved wife and child with hearty German earnestness, they also loved

each other; and once a year the entire family met at one of their houses for what we should call a thanksgiving dinner. Every Bach was there, with all his little Bachs. Music, of course, was the one great family amusement and interest. The first thing to be done when all were met was, to sing a grand and solemn choral in chorus. To praise God was the first thing, and to that duty each brought his best talents.

But religion did not absorb all their energy. The next thing in order was fun. Comic songs, ballads, and a fanciful cantata, with nonsense for words, and gay dances for music, sung by all the company, helped speed the merry hours. The little Bachs had rare good times at games, and the mother Bachs discussed housekeeping and the baby Bachs. Altogether it must have been a very jolly, and a very musical, family party.

Yet these people and their simple doings would be as nothing, were it not that one of them, named John Ambrosius, had a son —

a rare child — whose fame alone saved the family name from oblivion.

Nearly two hundred years ago, at the time our sturdy Pilgrim Fathers were founding a new nation on the bleak shores of Massachusetts Bay, there was born in the old, old town of Eisenach, a boy, a Bach, a new member to this already numerous family. Fortunate for him that his father was not fighting the Indians with one hand, and starvation with the other, in the Plymouth woods; otherwise the boy would never have risen above honorable mention in some Old Colony Records. Such a rare genius as his must needs be sheltered by well-ordered society and comfortable, easy-going family ways. The rough and tumble of pioneer life would have killed the fair flower he carried in his heart, and we should have had no Sebastian Bach. Besides, our worthy great-grandfathers looked upon music as a frivolous, soul-destroying sin, to be crushed out wherever it appeared. To them

such a musical child would have been a shame and a sorrow.

These things I tell you that you may see that the early days of the child were comparatively quiet. Only in such a still atmosphere could his genius grow and bloom.

It was upon the 21st day of March, 1685, that this boy first saw the light. The queer, old-fashioned house in which his father lived is still standing in Eisenach. At the head of a little paved court, between rough and time-worn houses, squeezed out of shape by its neighbors, and having windows of every size stuck on in irregular fashion, this insignificant dwelling can still be seen by travellers. An inscription over the low door marks the spot where the great organist was born. Red tiles on the roof, great beams showing through the worn plaster ; one part of the house hanging over, as if it would slip down into the street ; and everything so old, sleepy, and dull, that no one cares to stop

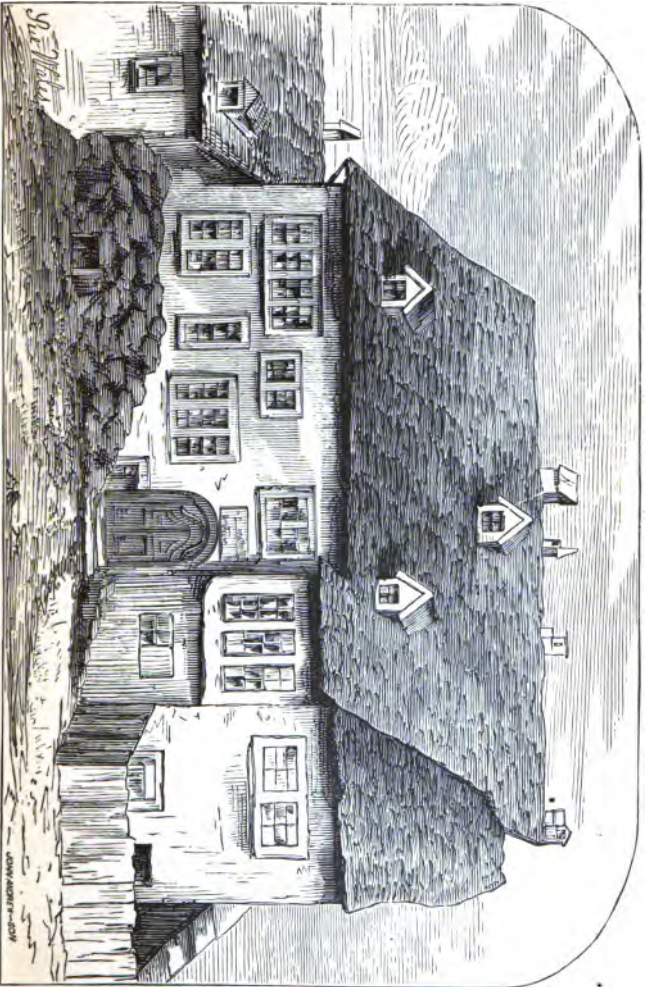
long. Yet it, has interest, for here the Bach family parties were held, and here, in the steep little court, the boy played with his regiment of cousins. Here is a picture of the house, taken on the spot by one of the young ladies who travelled with your uncle in Germany.

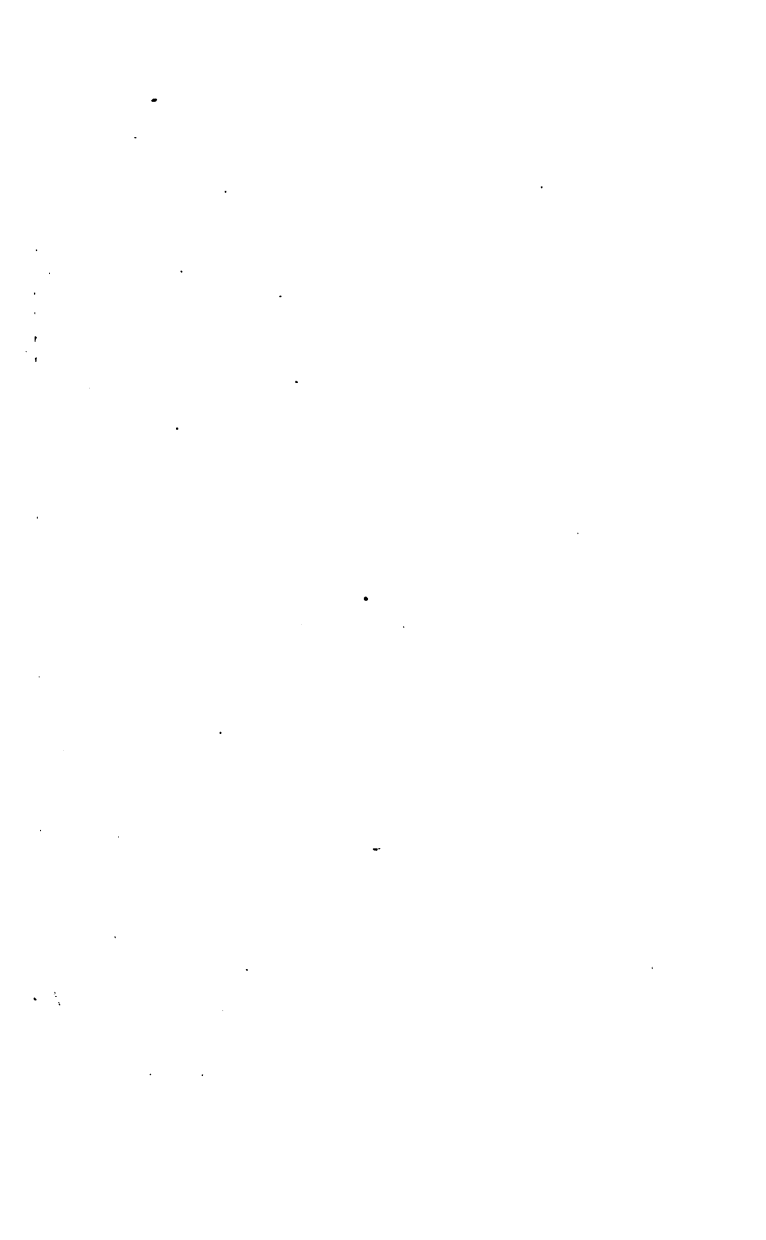
Of the first ten years of his life we know little or nothing. Whether he played a dumb fiddle, like the boy Haydn, or searched out chords on a key-board, like the infant Mozart, or did any other remarkable thing, we know not.*

All we are sure of is, that in 1695 his father died, and the boy found himself a wretched little orphan, without father, mother, or even a home. When his mother died we have no means of knowing, but it was certainly some time before the death of his father.

Houseless, and without a cent, this forlorn little fellow turned to his uncle, John Christopher Bach, his father's twin-brother, for aid and com-

* See first two books of this series.





fort. After a certain fashion he got both. The uncle was not a kind-hearted man, and merely did his bare duty to his brother's child. Yet he did him one kindness that covers all his shortcomings. He taught the little John Sebastian music — taught him to finger the keys of the tinkling clavichord. Then came the wonder of the child's life. This little ten-year-old musician devoured the pieces set before him with the greatest eagerness. In an incredibly short time he mastered their difficulties, and then cried for more. Harder pieces were set before him only to be treated in the same way. Ordinary children spend weeks over a difficult piece of music, but this youngster only laughed at the black-clouded sheets. His little fingers and bright eyes leaped lightly over the mountain ranges of eighth and sixteenth notes only to wonder if there were no more hills of science to climb. Of the details of his early musical education we know but little. How he

acquired such a command of his instrument in so short a time we cannot understand. All we have is the bare fact.

Among the music-books possessed by his uncle was one that excited the boy's greatest curiosity. It was a collection of clavichord music by various, then celebrated, masters. In vain the boy begged to be allowed to see and use it. The uncle would not consent. It was not to be touched. Whenever he had used it, he carefully locked it up, as he thought out of reach, in the family bookcase. If the front of the case had been made of glass, it would have been cruel indeed, for then the boy could see the book, and not reach it; have its wished-for leaves curled up in full view, but utterly beyond him. As it happened, the front of the case was finished in lattice-work, and through the diamond spaces the boy could thrust his little hands, and rolling up the sheets, draw them forth.

A very naughty boy, no doubt, and when

found out, properly punished ; but the temptation was too much for him. One moonlight night he crept out of bed, and stole the book. Away to his room with it, there to sit down in the light of the moon, and read, not play, the dearly-loved notes. To play it, would never do. To light a candle, and copy it would be equally hazardous. The light would rouse his uncle, the precious music would be taken away forever, and much birch rod would be inflicted. What, then, was to be done? Ah! a brave idea. Copy the whole book, note for note, by the aid of the moon. Night after night, and week after week, whenever the sky was clear, and the moonlight came in at his little window, the boy sat on the window-seat, painfully tracing note for note. Six long months slipped away, and, at a heavy cost of sleepless nights and sore eyes, the work was finished. Ah, then was the little fellow happy. He could steal away, and in secret master these wonderful sheets.

Alas! the dragon, his uncle, appeared, and both copies were taken away. No doubt the child cried bitterly. It was of no use. The result of so much toil and patience was gone in a moment.

If this was a fairy story, the uncle would have very properly died just here: as it is not, the truth must be told. The uncle did die, and the boy had both copies to do with as he pleased. Joyful liberty! But — sorrow again. Once more thrown upon the world without friends and without money. Where now were the brave cousins who used to dine in his father's house? Why did they not come to the aid of the houseless little boy? Yes, why? Nobody knows.

With a manly spirit worthy of more years, he set out on foot, in the company of a schoolmate, to the city of Lüneburg, and offered himself as soprano singer in the boys' choir at St. Michael's School. A position in the choir, and wages suf-

ficient for his support, were at once given him, and for a while all seemed smiling.

Alas ! again — his voice changed. Boys' voices will change, come what may. Another voice as good in its place would have mended matters ; but it came not. When his tenor or bass voice, whichever it was, did come, it was not worth much as a means of support.

His fingers alone must pay his bills, and perhaps lead him on to fame and fortune. What he did with himself from the time he lost his voice until he received his first appointment as court musician, in 1703, we do not know. How he kept the wolf away, and managed to get the education he possessed, we cannot tell. It must have been the same hard fight with poverty that the young Haydn endured. This little we do know : he studied without ceasing, tramping on foot to other cities to hear the best organists and orchestras, and toiling day and night at incessant practice.

His position as court musician was simply that of violinist in the royal band at Weimar. This did not appear to satisfy him long, for in about a year he obtained the position of organist in Arnstadt. At last the object of his ambition was reached. Now one might suppose he would rest satisfied. If he had been an ordinary young man he would have comfortably settled himself in his position, and enjoyed life in a stupid way. Not so this marvel of industry and perseverance. He merely considered his situation as the first stepping-stone in his art. He could now go on; could study deeper, and acquire still greater skill. His position was but the portal into wider and fairer tone countries. Now he could have access to all the best books, and could give his every moment to his dear art.

Again he set out on foot, tramping wearily along the dusty roads, that he might secretly listen to the best players, and learn still more by example. For a year he listened, unknown,

to a certain famous organist in Lubeck, catching each time some hint of value to himself. What do you think of that, children? You who are impatient to master the piano in four quarters. See this, the greatest of players, sitting in the dim old church, and listening, with keen ears, for instruction! Too poor to pay for a teacher, and stealing one in spite of himself. Not a real theft, for the master's example was free to all.

There is an old saying that industry has its reward; delayed perhaps, at times, but sure to come at last. So it was in the young Bach's case. Such marvellous industry, such persistent study, such hunger and thirst after knowledge, could not fail to attract attention! Rewards in the shape of better and more profitable situations came to him freely.

The position of organist at the church of St. Blasius, at Muhlhausen, was offered to him in 1707; but in less than a year he was

back again at Weimar as court organist. Ten years now slipped away, during which time we know little or nothing of him; all records are lost. Very little consequence is it, for we have evidence that if the interval was not marked by any startling events, it was well spent. The position of court organist was an active, if not a brilliant, one. His days were all devoted to music, and his life seems to have been placid enough. In 1717 he was appointed director of the court concerts. This is sufficient evidence that the ten, to us, silent years were well employed. Men are not appointed to such positions for political reasons. To be a court director one must merit the honor, and be possessed of great musical ability. The occupant of such a position is also expected to compose, and cause to be performed, new music, both sacred and secular. In this we see that, though the record is obscure, it gives enough to show that

he possessed genius, and was able and willing to work. The last is quite as important as the first. / Industry seems to be the great secret of success. / It was in his case; and, no doubt, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn owe a large share of their success to the same thing. Genius is a great and good gift from the good Father, but genius without industry is wasted talent, and a shame. Indeed, I sometimes think that genius is nothing more than great industry rightly directed.

In this connection we may notice, that of our six tone masters, Bach left the greatest monument to his incessant toil. Handel's forty operas and thirty oratorios sink into nothing beside the gigantic pile of Bach's works. The manuscripts alone, as originally written, would make a pile two feet high of the usual sheet-music size. Were one man to attempt to copy it out, it is estimated he would require forty years of daily

labor to accomplish his task. He himself, when asked how he did so much, replied, 'Industry.'

Again, we come to obscurity in regard to the real facts in Bach's life. What happened to him from this time till 1723 we have no means of knowing. At this time he was appointed director of the St. Thomas School of Music in Leipzig. He regretted to leave his patron at Weimar, but Providence seemed to point the way, and he accepted the position at the school as his life-work. Surely it was, for there he remained for the rest of his days. For twenty-seven years he hardly left the city, preferring the quiet of home-life to the activities of the world. In this he was just the opposite of the stirring Handel.

In many respects these two men were alike. Both composed sacred music of a grave, learned, and enduring nature; both played the organ in the true organ style. Handel was the melodist, and wrote the wonderful Messiah; Bach, the

harmonist, composed the greater, but less understood, *Passion Music*. Handel was a stirring man of the world, and wrote for all people; Bach, the schoolmaster, wrote for the schools and students. Born within thirty days, and a few miles, of each other, they grew up neighbors, but unknown to each other till of age. Both toiling in the same field, — sacred music, — and laying there the foundations of their fame, and living in mutual esteem, yet never meeting in life — never finding time to see and hear each other play. This was, in the main, Handel's fault. Three times they were quite near, during the three times Handel visited his mother in Halle, and twice Bach attempted to meet him. The busy, active man of the world could not wait for the quiet old schoolmaster. The third time Handel was in Halle, Bach was near enough — but dead.

The obscurity that hangs over his life gathers round his death. For a long time it was not

known when he did die, and only the accidental discovery of a mere paragraph in a forgotten newspaper settled the date upon the 30th of November, 1750, in the sixty-sixth year of his life.

A few anecdotes of the great man have come down to us in a half-traditional way. One illustrates his skill as a performer. There was at one time a certain harpsichord and organ player, named Marchand, visiting Dresden, and playing before the court. His style was brilliant and showy, but he was lacking in ideas. Many people thought that Bach was certainly as fine a performer, and also blessed with new and fresh musical thoughts at ready command. This having created considerable discussion, it was arranged that there should be a trial of skill between the two. Bach secretly heard the stranger play, and then boldly sent him a challenge to play at sight any piece of music

put before him; Bach was to do the same, and the best reader to win.

Marchand accepted the challenge, and immediately there was a great preparation made, as if it were a most important event. A room was prepared, and the big-wigs and fine ladies invited to the trial. At the appointed hour Bach appeared, but Marchand was late — very late. A servant was sent for him. In a short time the man reported that the valiant musician had run away. Of course Bach performed to the best of his ability, and was declared the winner.

Queer — was it not? The idea of grown men and women, crowding a large hall to suffocation to witness such a performance! How much better our modern trials of skill! Racing valuable horses to death for the sake of a second in a mile, and half killing young and not very valuable students in boat races! Our ways are so much more innocent and healthful, you know!

Old Bach was well named Father Bach, for he rejoiced in no less than thirteen children. All of them he carefully brought up in the usual Bach way — taught them music, and endeavored to make them as great performers as himself. It was impossible. The wave had reached its highest point, and sunk again to the old level. As in the generations before John Sebastian the musical ability rapidly increased, so after him it as quickly decreased. Having run up to a very high point in him, it quickly slid down equally low. After one or two generations it disappeared, and had it not been that this one great genius lived and wrote, the little geniuses — the small Bachs — never would have been known.

Several of Bach's own sons became organists, and were appointed to different churches and courts. The second son was organist in the service of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam. Now, it chanced that the king imagined he could play the flute, and every evening had a concert at

his palace, where he performed upon his instrument in a small way. Having heard of the fame of his organist's father, he hinted that a visit from him would be desirable. The son wrote, but the father declined to leave his school.

The king was vexed, and sent another invitation. After some delay, the father agreed to visit the son at Potsdam. One night, just as the king was getting ready for his evening concert, an officer came in with the list of arrivals in the city. The king looked at the paper, and then said, in a solemn whisper, "Old Bach has come." A messenger was sent to the hotel, and the retiring and modest schoolmaster was dragged, without waiting to change his dusty travelling suit, into the royal presence. A formal introduction, stiff and unpleasant to the last degree, was gone through with, and then the king, having thrown aside the ridiculous vanities of royalty, became a man and brother to the organist. Taking him from room to room of the palace,

he showed him several of Silberman's new pianofortes, then just introduced, and upon each Bach played. Nor was this all; for, requesting a theme of the king, he improvised upon it till he built up a fine fugue. This and many other musical wonders he performed, to the satisfaction and astonishment of all. The next day all the organs in Potsdam were visited, and each was treated as were the pianos.

On Bach's return home, he wrote out in full the fugue upon the king's theme, and presented it to his royal host. This and one or two other shorter trips made the sum of Bach's travels. His quiet school and comfortable home had more charms to him than all the world besides. Teaching his pupils music, bringing up his large family, and composing, filled all his days, and apparently all his thoughts.

The giant Handel had his latter days clouded by darkness. His sight failed, as you remember, and for several years he could no longer

write. Yet he bravely bore up against it, never once allowing his spirit to sink. He could not bear to hear blind Samson's song, but otherwise was always serene. Not so with Bach. He, too, was blind — his eyes ruined through excessive over-work. Remedies were tried in vain; the disease was permanent, and he seems to have died of sorrow at the loss. Handel blind, Mozart killed by over-work while young, Mendelssohn worn out in his youth by toil, Bach blind in his old age, and Beethoven deaf! Genius is a great and splendid gift. Those who have it are rich above all men; but their lives are sad indeed."

CHAPTER VI.

"GOOD FRIDAY" evening at the Standlys. Mary and her uncle examining a book — "Bach's Passion Music." Alfred sitting near and listening to their comments.

"A miracle play," said Mary. "What is that?"

"Its name describes it in part," replied her uncle. "A play or drama representing some incident from the Scripture, generally a miracle or other supernatural event. When Christianity first spread from Syria into Greece and Rome, the Greek drama formed one of the principal means of instructing the people. It taught them great political or moral truths, or impressed some heathen fable upon their minds, in a pleasing and forcible manner. Amusement and instruction were combined, and the greatest results obtained.

The early fathers, seeing what a power the drama had over the minds and hearts of men, thought it no sin to adapt the incidents in the life of the Savior to the stage, for the same purpose. They actually wrote, and had performed, what they called 'miracle plays.' This may seem to us very wrong; but the drama had not been perverted in those days, and no one then thought it a sin to go to the theatre. Even if it may be to describe the events in the lives of Bible people in such a form is not right. It degrades our ideas of sacred things to have them associated with the stage and its surroundings.

"The early fathers thought otherwise. They associated nothing wrong with the theatre; and for them, strange as it may seem, they thought it no sin to hear and see a play representing the birth, death, and other incidents, in the life of Jesus.

"After the lapse of many years, a change came over the miracle play. The acting, scenery, and

dresses were left out, and nothing but the dialogue remained. They still had one person to represent Judas, others Peter and John, and still others Pilate, the priests, soldiers, and Christ. Each had a part assigned to him, which he recited in the proper place.

"After a while the words were set to music, and the entire story was sung. Improvements were added from time to time — orchestral accompaniments, solos, duets, and choruses introduced, and the old miracle play became the modern oratorio. The 'Elijah' you heard last winter is nothing but a modernized miracle play. Having taken away all traces of the drama, we can now listen to the oratorio with edification and profit."

"Then why do they not call the 'Passion Music' an oratorio?" said Alfred.

"It is an oratorio; but as the music is always performed in European churches upon 'Good Friday,' and was designed more for a church

service than an oratorio, the name has not been applied to it."

At this moment the door bell rang, and company were announced. Eight or more ladies and gentlemen arrived, as if to spend the evening in a social way. Social, indeed, but not alone for amusement. The highest, most sacred, and best of music called them together. As we do not care for preliminaries, we will skip. Soon Mr. Standly spoke up:—

"Come, friends, times flies. If we are to have a Bach evening, we must begin soon."

A general stir at this. The gentlemen took seats by themselves, and the ladies did likewise. Mr. Standly went to the piano, while Alfred, Mary, and Mrs. Standly found seats together on the sofa.

"We have a fine choir to-night," said Mrs. Standly to Mary. "A double quartette."

"Why so many?"

"For the double choruses. A great many of

them are in eight parts. As you see, four of the ladies and gentlemen make one choir, and four the other. The two odd gentlemen and ladies are to take the solos. One gentleman represents the Evangelist, — St. Matthew, — and the other Christ. The two choirs will, in the opening chorus, represent the Daughters of Zion and the Believers. Afterwards they take the part of the People, the Priests, Soldiers, &c.”

A chord from the piano, and the singers opened their books in silence.

The overture on the piano began. Slow, minor, and intricate, and involved to the last degree. No startling and suggestive chords to betray the coming sorrow. Straightforward, formal, and sad. A monotonous lament.

Without warning, one quartette began, or, rather, broke in, and repeating the same sad, mournful, dirge-like music, sang, —

“Come, ye daughters, weep for anguish.”

Not a sharp cry of distress, but a solemn, dreary lament, unvarying in its steady flow of involved and peculiar music.

Suddenly the other choir—the Believers—broke in upon them in short, abrupt chords:—

“Whom? How? Whom?”

First Choir, without stopping. “See Him, the Son of Man, so like a Lamb.”

Solo Voice, in a slow, mournful song, different in character from the chorus. “O, Lamb of God, all blameless, who on the cross hung bleeding.”

First Choir. “See it, His love untold.”

Solo. “Thy love still interceding.”

Second Choir. “What? What?”

First Choir. “Look! our guilt behold.”

Solo. “Our sins upon Thee bearing.”

Second Choir. “Look where? Look where?”

To describe more is useless. Though the piece was very long, — too long, — yet our Mary heard it through, with a feeling of awe and wonder.

To say that the music was beautiful is not correct. It was a strange, mournful, and involved piece of harmony, without much melody.

This over, a chord was given on the piano, and the Evangelist began to recite in a clear tenor voice, "When Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said to His disciples."

The bass singer representing Christ: "Ye know that after two days is the Passover, and the Son of Man is even now betrayed to be crucified."

The last few words were not recited, but sung, and to a most striking and peculiar melody, while the piano part, with strange, wild chords, seemed to express the Savior's heavy sorrow at the coming betrayal.

Immediately after this came a plain choral, or hymn, by all the singers, to these words: "Say, sweetest Jesus, what law Thou hast broken, to bring on Thee the dreadful sentence spoken."

A simple psalm, beautiful beyond expression. A true choral, in Bach's best style.

Mary. "Well, aunt, if they say to me again that Bach is dull, I shall refer them to that psalm. Was it not beautiful?"

"Yes, to one having the least musical education, the chorals in this 'Passion Music' are the finest things of the kind in music."

Again the Evangelist took up the story, and recited concerning the meeting of the scribes and elders in council against the life of Jesus. At the end were these words: "They said, however."

Instantly the two choirs, now representing the priests and elders, began a savage chorus: "No, not on the Feast; for fear there be an uproar among the people."

Rage and malice set to music.

The Evangelist. "Now, when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came to Him a woman, who had a box of precious ointment, and poured it on His head, as He at table sat. But when His disciples saw it, they had indignation, and said —"

The choir, in a quick and hurried chorus:
"Wherefore wilt thou be so wasteful?"

Then followed the reply of Jesus, recited in a calm and flowing manner, accompanied by most beautiful harmony.

Next came an alto recitative, representing the feelings of a follower of Christ, and saying that her tears she would mingle with the ointment if it were possible. The recitative merged at once into an alto solo of a peculiarly slow and sorrowful character. "Fall, ye tears, faster fall, grateful balm to my dear Jesus."

So it went on for several pages, and then there was a pause. Each minute event of the life of Christ, during the week before his death, was treated in this way. The story was told by one voice; other voices repeated the quotations; and the chorus, in the capacity of the disciples, the people, &c., sang of their different experience, and commented thereon in the character of the listening congregation or audience,

to whom the story was told. The preparations for, and the events at, the Last Supper struck our hearers as being the most remarkable parts of the music. The chorus "Lord, is it I?" in abrupt and detached chords, was followed by a smooth and dignified choral expressive of the believer's belief that it was himself.

"'Tis I; my sins betray me."

The long dialogue between Jesus and the twelve at the table was positively wonderful. The dismay of Judas was startling, in its strange, unearthly harmony, and the music for Jesus was, in singular contrast, of exquisite melody, and joined to harmony beautiful in the extreme.

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When the music ceased, Mary said, —

"I think, aunt, it is the strangest and saddest music I ever heard."

"It is, indeed; but, then, look at it. Did you ever hear recitatives so full of meaning, and with

harmony fitted to every varying sentiment with such matchless skill? Then the science of it. Nowhere but in Bach can you find such complicated part-writing, such elaborate counter-point."

"Ah," said Alfred, "I am afraid that is one reason it is not so popular as other oratorios. It is too hard. Very few people can sing it, and not many understand it if they hear it."

"I have heard that view advanced before; but you must see that the music is full of the deepest pathos, the most beautiful harmony and expressive melody. Wait a while. We, as a nation, are not yet up to Bach's 'Passion Music.' We have only just cleared the old psalm-tune period, and are learning to admire the easier oratorios. In time we shall get even to this. We have been told that it was utterly devoid of melody, but this evening will show us that it is not true."

And so it did. Time forbids a detailed account of those parts of the 'Passion Music' then

given. Not the whole, by any means, was sung, as the book is far too long for one performance. Enough was given to show the grandeur, beauty, and towering sublimity of this master-work of sacred music. The tenor solo, and chorus, "I'll watch with my dear Jesus alway," proved a melodious gem: the mighty chorus, calling upon "the lightnings and thunders" to fall upon the betrayers, and bidding the fires of hell burst forth to destroy them, was a wonderful piece of writing — tempestuous, raging, and with the bass part rolling in fiery billows of sound, through the whole chorus. The startling pauses, abrupt, harsh chords, and above all, the furious haste and confusion of the music, made it a performance beside which the storm chorus of "Elijah" and similar choruses in the oratorios, seem tame and quiet.

Contrasted with this was the last sad and lovely chorus that closed the book. Christ buried and His trials over, silence and night settled down over His tomb.

In a minor key, the first measure opened in a beautiful manner, followed by a peculiar, chromatic cadence in octaves in the bass, that led, by a natural movement, to a repetition of the first phrase. Again the cadenza, followed by a soft, delicate bit of harmony high in the soprano. The bass crept upward, and the full double choir began with the first sweet strain: — "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping, and murmur low, in tones suppressed, 'Rest thee' softly, softly rest."

The same sweet and placid music was repeated by the piano in another key, and the voices returned, softly answering to each other, "Sweetly rest. Closed in bliss. Slumber now thy weary eyes."

Fading softer and more soft, yet keeping the same unbroken flow of exquisite melody and harmony, the voices went on winding one within the other, till at last the lovely opening melody returned. "Rest thee, softly, softly rest."

BEETHOVEN.



CHAPTER VII.

MARY and Mrs. Standly were seated at the dinner table, a few days after the "Bach night." The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were merely loitering. Conversation turned to the music.

"What an exquisite ending that 'Passion Music' has, aunt! The air has been running in my mind ever since."

"I don't wonder. Yet, to my thinking, the music, or rather the book, has one serious fault — it closes at the wrong place. Easter Sunday should come, and all end with joy and thanksgiving. Instead of that, it ends sorrowfully at the tomb by night. But we must take it as we find it. It was not designed to be given be-

fore a public audience, as an oratorio. It is merely a church service."

"Then why did he not put a different ending, to suit it to the concert-room?"

"He never dreamed of such a thing. He wrote it for private performance in his own little church, and never imagined it would appear as an oratorio. It is evidently the expression of his own deep feelings concerning the Savior. Bach was a profoundly religious man, and with a mind tinged by the sorrow and suffering of Him crucified. Perhaps, if we wish for Easter music, we must turn to another and greater tone master. Not a greater man in point of science, but in wealth of ideas, and having a fiery genius that breaks into new and undiscovered tone countries, and showing us mountain ranges of music of which men had never dreamed. For high triumph and the song of heavenly joy and praise we must turn to him."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Beethoven. Yonder is his portrait bust, or a photograph of it."

Mary glanced at a framed photograph upon the wall — a bust of a strong man; a huge head, with massive forehead, surmounted by a tangled "tempest of hair;" a good mouth; a nose dignified and commanding; and with eyes tender, but capable of flashing fire. A peculiar expression, sometimes seen upon the faces of the deaf, was cast over the great features, mingled with a look of patient suffering. Beneath the bust was a bracket, supported by a figure of Jupiter seated between the outspread wings of an eagle. The god was listening to a smiling cherub at his knee, who seemed to be telling him a merry story.

"What does it mean, aunt? I do not understand it."

"The eagle is designed to represent the soaring genius of Beethoven, capable of mounting to the skies, and not afraid to look the sun in

the face. The 'cloud-compelling' Jupiter, 'King of gods and men,' is to illustrate Beethoven's position among musicians. The little Cupid telling his tale reminds one of the light and sparkling snatches of merry and child-like music thrown in among his highest works. Now, if you care to hear him, get your things, and we will go this very afternoon."

"What! Now? To-day?"

"Yes; this afternoon at three, at the Symphony concert."

"Symphony! O, I never heard a symphony! How splendid! I'll get my things at once. How you surprise one with pleasure!"

"Yes; it is a pleasure. To hear a grand symphony is an event in one's life. I try to attend whenever opportunity offers. A symphony for full orchestra is a means of education not to be neglected."

An hour after found Mrs. Standly and Mary in a crowded hall, and amusing themselves by

watching the audience taking their seats, and the musicians preparing for the concert.

The first part of the programme consisted of music by the various masters, and the symphony came at the end. Upon the programme they read these words:—

"FIFTH SYMPHONY — Opus 67 — *Beethoven*."

Opus 67 means work 67, the number in the order in which the works were produced.

Finally all was ready. Each eye in the orchestra was fixed upon the conductor. A deep silence fell upon all the people.

Three slow, loud notes in unison, and then another a ~~minor~~ third below. Simple enough, but full of trouble, alarm, and terror. Again the strange theme, one tone lower.

The second violins repeated it in quicker time, and, one after another, the first violins and violoncellos repeated it again in whispering fright and doubt. In the midst of their excited discussion, the first four notes broke

in like a thunderbolt. Again the strings turned it about, as if in doubt and fear. Louder and louder grew the excitement over the dark and ominous subject. The brass and wood held long-sustained chords, then repeated the burden, climbing quickly upward, as if to escape it.

unlike A pause, and a ~~cornet~~ took up the theme, but, instead of repeating it, made of it a new song. Out of that grew another, as if one flower had sprung from the petals of another. Softer, and not so strange and sad, the cheerful instrument seemed to suggest hope, and an escape from the terrors of that gloomy theme. The violins, more confident, took up the fresher strain. Even the clarinets would have a word to say. The trombones, not content, must break forth into still another and gayer strain. But, under all, in the solemn basses, rolled the mournful four-note theme. And it had its way in the matter, for the whole band united to repeat in

varied forms the same vague, terrifying theme that opened the symphony.

Then came a "repeat," and the whole began again. This served to fix things in the mind, and enabled our Mary to comprehend the evident war between the solemn first theme and the other livelier subjects trying to be cheerful amid much trouble.

The "repeat" finished, the same four-note theme was given again, but this time in full minor harmony, and by the discordant brass. The strings took it from them, and in still greater terror flung it about in dismay. Growing excited and wild, the whole orchestra united in short, fitful notes, and harsh, wild harmony. The gloomy subject haunted them all. In vain they turned it about in varied forms. Its vague terror remained with them.

Again the brass blazed out with the same four notes. But a new and startling change came over the music. Flung from the strings to the

brass, and back again, were full chords — slow, thick with notes, and in the most weird and unearthly harmony. A mighty battle between giants, hurling mountains at each other. Sinking softer and softer, till the high notes of the violins and the deep tones of the trombones were almost lost, the band seemed to pause, as if weary with the conflict. Suddenly, with a loud crash, the terrible theme was reasserted, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion. An abrupt pause, and a single oboe sang clear and firm a lively phrase. A charming cadenza, that led gracefully back to the more cheerful music. The same hopeful strains heard before reappeared, and the way seemed to brighten. The gloomy theme came back, but it was weakened of its power. The battle waged again between darkness and light; between gloom and hope, and hope had the best of it.

New strains were introduced. A general feeling of relief came in. Occasionally the gloomy

passage tried to force its way, but was soon borne down by the brighter melodies and braver harmony. In quick, bright chords the first part came to an end.

"There, Mary," said Mrs. Standly, "how does that please you?"

"Please me! Aunt, I never expected to hear anything like it. It is a new revelation in music. I have not words to express my surprise and pleasure."

"I don't wonder. Now you have reached the highest limit in art. This is one of the master works—the topmost reach in music. This is grand symphony—poetry in tones. Prepare now to hear the next movement—the Andante. The opening movement is strange, wild, and massive in its harmony. Look in this next for sweeter harmony, joined to melody surpassingly lovely and beautiful."

"But how can it be finer than that last? I declare it fairly thrilled me, it was so new and

wonderful. Yet I could not understand it all. What did it mean? Has it, like Haydn's symphonies, a story or romance for a foundation?"

"Haydn was Beethoven's teacher, and the pupil at first closely followed the example of his worthy master. Yet in this symphony he cut loose from his model, and built up a tone-structure Haydn could never hope to imitate. Here the idea of a poem is carried into loftier regions. Haydn imagined a simple tale of a lover, a shipwrecked sailor, or other trifling matter. Beethoven goes far beyond, and deals with the inmost struggles of the soul. In this symphony he said that 'Fate came knocking at the door,' and the soul was troubled, but hoped for better things. In the next movement hope seems to come with peace and comfort. In the next, or 'Scherzo,' movement, the struggle between despair and hope is renewed, and lastly, the soul triumphs, and the darkness of superstition and doubt is turned into light, and the clear day of safety and

happiness. The music then sings of triumph and success. It is not possible to say that this melody or that phrase mean certain things. Music is not so definite as that ; but to the intelligent listener the general idea is plain."

"Yes, aunt ; but suppose one knew nothing of this. Would not one's pleasure be the same in hearing the music?"

"Not quite. It is true the music itself, aside from any meaning, is beautiful and artistic in the highest degree ; yet when we understand our author, our pleasure is enhanced. We see his meaning, and admire the genius which can combine so much of art with so great distinctness and beauty."

Mary was upon the point of extending the subject, when the conductor's rap brought the orchestra to attention, and the audience to silence.

The violoncellos. Such marvellous richness and beauty ! A low, sweet melody in the bass, fol-

lowed by harmony as sweet among the highest notes of the violins. The wooden instruments echoed the delicious strain. The clarinets and bassoons singled out a new air for themselves. Short, only a measure or two; unlike any music our hearer had ever heard. The subjects were not expanded, as in a fugue, but new melodies and fresh rhythm continually appeared. Where other composers would content themselves with one theme, Beethoven lavished a wealth of new ideas upon every page. Nothing lasted long, but soon gave way for greater beauties. Hardly had this new melody begun than a fresh modulation led into a brave song — a foretaste of triumph yet to come. Hope whispered of joy, and for a brief moment gladness winged the music. Yet sadness returned. The violins and bassoons interrupted the pleasure by a wail, as if sorrow could not be laid aside. But the confident trombones knew better, and in another key repeated the brave hope. For a moment only, and then

prolonged sadness. Harmony, sweet past description, yet sad and pensive. Soft and quiet in the extreme. Every sound was hushed save the exquisite music. Not a stir from the three thousand people present. The clock in the gallery, before unheard, ticked loud and clear upon the entranced air. As if on a breezy, grassy hill a flower had sprung into sudden bloom, the violoncellos sang another and a brighter song. The other strings, and the clarinets held long-sustained chords the while. Once more came the high, close harmony among the wood, and again the brave hint of success to come.

Ah, how can poor words describe that which is above words? The same general idea, with the richest variations, was repeated; and then came a series of strange chords — vague and portentous. Hope was growing dim. Sadness spread over the orchestra. The beauty and grace remained, but tinged with sorrow. Excitement

and haste added uncertain hints of trouble and disaster. The pure, hopeful voices of the wooden instruments sang again of peace, and the same close, high harmony, and the same rich melody, were repeated. Sad minor melodies disturbed the music for a while; yet they melted away into brighter airs and more pleasing and emphatic rhythm.

Hope had altogether the ascendant, and fate and superstition had not wholly triumphed when the movement reached the end.

A slight pause, and the orchestra prepared for the next movement, known as the "Sherzo," sometimes marked "Allegro," and as its name signifies, it was rapid in its time.

Sometimes, upon the beach, a green wall of water rises higher and higher, till it breaks into foam, and falls over in a creamy, frothy cascade, that runs quickly up the beach, only to race back again over the rattling pebbles and sparkling sand. So from the bass crept upward a pure,

soft unison passage, only to expand through the violins and wood into the richest harmony. A pause upon the last chord, and again the upward-climbing wave of music. Such exceeding beauty completely entranced the audience. Again the same sad theme appeared. The first theme once more. A ringing cornet, in loud, clear notes, repeated the while so dismal tale. But hope seemed to snatch joy from the very teeth of trouble. Instead of a sad minor refrain, the four notes were utterly changed in their character. The same rhythm, the same arrangement of the first three notes, yet, wonderful to hear, a slight alteration turned the sadness into joy — a new and fairer song from one so grave; a sweet flower from a bitter bud.

The creamy wave rose from the bass, and crept through the violins and clarinets as before. Yet not the same. New wealth of harmony, new forms of beauty, were added each time.

The bright, cheerful song, which had sprung,

like a lily out of dark waters, inspired the whole orchestra to gayest mood.

Troubles again. An excited and vague rumor among the basses. Sorrow and superstition not yet dead. Confusion and discord. Loud sweeps through the bass, mingled with quick, soft notes in the higher parts. War between fate and hope not yet over. Hope was weary with the fight. It drooped, falling down one note at a time, till almost lost in fitful uncertainty in the bass.

Once more the sweet wave of music swept upward through the clear flutes and sparkling fifes. The cheerful song of hope and comfort again broke forth, and spread, like a bright light, through all the band.

An abrupt pause. The drum. Ah, the drum ! Far away, yet emphatic and suggestive. The strings alone held unbroken chords, as if listening to the approaching drum-beat. Louder and louder it grew. The first violins became excited

and restless, while the basses kept pace with the monotonous drum.

To our hearer, and, in fact, to all the people, came a sense of expectation and excitement. The blood coursed quicker, and the heart beat faster. Something was coming — something grand, triumphant, and joyful. The violins, and, in fact, the entire band, shivered into a thousand notes. Like a huge wave rising higher and higher, the music grew louder and louder, till at last, with every instrument at fullest power, it opened into a magnificent march.

Such rich, emphatic chords! Such bold and stirring melody! Such joyfulness and hearty emphases! Really it was not to be described. To our Mary it was a new and startling revelation in music. To hear such captivating and singing melodies by a full orchestra was as unexpected as pleasing. She had imagined the melodies so merry, so full of joy, so song-like, were not to be expected in a grand symphony.

Not much time for thought. New splendors rose on every hand. Soft passages of exceeding grace and beauty mingled with the majestic rhythm of the grand march. Gayety, fun, and overflowing joy and thankfulness seemed to peal from the brave, loud brass. The sprightly fifes and cheerful flutes, the brilliant strings and ponderous basses, alike sang of joy and triumph.

Once there was a pause, and the memory of the sad theme returned; but it only served to heighten the general joy by contrast.

Finally the grand climax was reached. Faster and faster flew the impetuous notes. The march, and that not-to-be-forgotten first theme, mingled into one rich and more glorious melody, swept onward, till for weariness of joy it closed in loud, emphatic chords, and the symphony came to a brilliant end.

CHAPTER VIII.

So much interested had our Mary become in Beethoven, after hearing the Fifth Symphony, that she must needs know more of the man.

Accordingly her aunt related to her the following story of his life.

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One hundred years ago, in the old German city of Bonn, there lived a man, — poor, uneducated, and dissipated, — a tenor singer in the chapel of the elector, and possessed of a slight knowledge of music, and nothing else except a family — a wife and three boys. Of the wife we know but little. Of the boys a great deal has been said and written. There were, at one time, four brothers; but one had died, leaving these three: Ludwig, Caspar, and Nicholas. Of

the two last the less said the better. Of Ludwig there is so much to be said that one short hour is as nothing. It barely suffices to glance at his works, to say nothing of himself.

With a harsh, irritable, and at times dissipated father, brothers far from brotherly, and with only a mother to help him, the boy Ludwig seems to have grown up neglected, poor, and generally miserable. A very ordinary school education, a mere dash of Latin, and a slight knowledge of music, were all his father would or could give him.

With the manners of a young bear, with wild and tumbled hair, fiery eyes, and a stout, robust, but ungainly form, this singular boy hardly resembled the afterwards mighty Beethoven.

Had this been all, men would have neglected and forgotten the rude boy. As it proved, this was not all. There was some-

thing about the child that caused people to treat him with respect, and even to offer him costly instruction without money and without price. The rough, wilful, and impetuous little fellow was endowed with a great love of music. Many a child has that; but this one had that and more—an intense desire to study and create it.

His father, as may be supposed, was greatly pleased with this trait, hoping thereby to mend his ruined fortunes. When the boy was only five he began to instruct him in piano-forte playing. The stubborn and wilful child would not learn; that is, not in the way his father wished to teach him. He had his own ideas of music, and actually refused to practise, except in such ways, and at such times, as suited his royal little self.

In these circumstances his musical education could hardly prosper. Another teacher, named Pfeiffer, was procured, and things improved at

once. To this teacher the young Beethoven owed his education, and, remembering it, treated him with respect and kindness as long as he lived.

The home of our hero was wretched and disagreeable enough, and he fortunately discovered another house in Bonn that became to him a new and fairer home, where he found a new mother, better brothers, and above all, a sister. In the house of his neighbors, the Breunings, he found what he craved — sympathy and assistance. The good "frau" treated him as a son, smoothed down his rude manners, and made a young gentleman of the wild bear of a boy. Yet even her soothing hand was not enough to wholly tone down the imperious, passionate child. He would be himself, and have his own independent ideas of things.

The young Breunings received the wild boy as one of themselves; and in their society, and

with their assistance, he extended and improved his general education. The friendship of this family remained with him for life — a guide and help to him in his manly, as well as youthful, years.

Of the details of the boy's life we know but little. We have one fact only — at fifteen years of age he was appointed organist in the elector's chapel. From this it is fair to suppose that he was not an idler in the land. To be able to take such a position so early in life one must have genius and industry.

Ludwig had both. His new position gave him opportunity to show of what stuff he was made, and new and better teachers were at once provided at the expense of the court.

Reproducing the music of others answered for a while, and then he turned, dissatisfied, to composition. He must try his growing wings in independent flight — must write something new, give out fresh musical thoughts

from his young and teeming brain. As to the precise piece of music that he first wrote there is some doubt. One account says that the great symphonist Haydn, when on his travels, stopped at Godesburg, — a suburb of Bonn, — where the band of the city gave him an honorary breakfast. At this affair Beethoven presented the master with a cantata, of which Haydn took some notice, and advised the young man to persevere in his studies. The other account is, that the first work was a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello. However this may be, it is certain that these pieces showed two things — first, that the youth had taken Mozart for a model, and secondly, that, while imitating his model, he had given evidence of a new and greater genius, destined in time to overshadow Haydn, Mozart, and all the rest of them.

Other works of various kinds flowed from

his youthful pen; but, as his genius was still young, we will not stop to examine them.

Two short stories illustrate the capacity and technical ability of the boy. One is, that at one time during Passion Week he was playing the accompaniment to the singing of a certain conceited man, named Heller. This person had said that he was so perfect in tune that the player could not put him out, however complicated the harmony. The boy said nothing, but the next time he played for the singer he extemporized in such an extraordinary manner that the poor man utterly broke down and stopped. Dreadfully enraged, Heller complained to their mutual employer, the elector. He heard the complaint, and the next day gave the organist "a most gracious reprimand," and, as Beethoven said, "bade me play no more such clever tricks."

The other sketch is, that at one time a certain piano-forte player, named Sterkel, having

examined some variations published by the young Beethoven, said that they were so difficult that he doubted if even the composer could play them. The two met at some musical gathering, and Sterkel tried to find a copy to show the young man. There was no need of that, for he sat down at the piano, and at once played from memory such of the variations as were printed, and then added on the spot several new and more difficult ones. Nor was this all; for previous to this meeting, Beethoven's style of playing was hard and heavy. Yet after once hearing the light and elegant style of Sterkel, he imitated it exactly.

In the year 1792 young Beethoven went, under the patronage of the elector, Max Frantz, to Vienna. Here ended his youth. He was now twenty-two — a man, and about to enter upon his career in life. His boyhood — and the happiest part of his life — was gone. Now came

trials, bitter experience, great works, and mighty triumphs for himself and music.

In Vienna lived Haydn. Mozart, but one year dead, still lived in the hearts of the people, and in and around the city was gathered the best of art, culture, and refinement. To this city of the arts came the young man in triumph, and welcomed by all as a new light in the world of music. Every attention was shown him, and princely houses opened their doors to receive him.

A certain Dr. Van Swietin, and the Prince Carl von Lichnowsky, both opened their doors to him. The prince treated him like a father, and gave him a pension of six hundred florins till he could obtain permanent employment. The doctor invited him to his almost nightly concerts, and often insisted that he should stay all night, saying in his invitations, "Bring your music-book and night-cap."

The prince's wife, the Princess Lichnowsky,

became as a mother to the young man, calming his sullen and fitful temper, and correcting and excusing his numerous breaches of court customs. Such delicate care did she take of him, that, in describing it in after years, he said, "They would have brought me up with grandmotherly tenderness, which was carried to such a length that very often the princess was on the point of having a glass shade put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."

Was such indulgence an advantage? Most certainly not. Like any other person in such circumstances, he was soon spoiled by flattery and petting. His name was a passport into princely houses, and wherever he went he was treated with respect and attention. It did him no good; harm rather. It was not till experience taught him better that he saw the folly of it. His remarkable gift of composition he imagined was sufficient. The science of music

he did not seem to consider of any importance. He took lessons of Haydn; yet his musical compositions were full of mistakes and blunders of all kinds. How it happened that he fared no better with his gifted teacher we do not know. Something was certainly wrong; for a certain musician, named Schenk, chancing to see some of the young man's music, took occasion to kindly point out several grave errors. Beethoven was disturbed; but not cast down. Soon after he left Haydn, and pursued his studies under Albrechtsberger, a celebrated teacher in the city. Schenk also assisted in a friendly way.

For about eight years all was smiling. He gradually overcame his lack of musical education, and improved his talents greatly. When he first began to compose, he paid no attention to the rules of musical grammar. When he saw the error of this, he obeyed the rules, but covered them out of sight, hiding, by the extraordinary novelty and wealth of his ideas, all appearance

of art. Writing music in a bold, free, and unheard-of style, he startled the very critics out of their propriety, so that they held up their hands in dignified horror, and said, "He is mad: send him to the asylum."

He was peculiar; but he was not mad. His music does carry us away into new and strange tone countries, but we are not lost in a fog, nor bewildered by unmeaning and empty ideas. Everything is extraordinary and unusual; never blind and void.

The Fifth Symphony, composed after this time, shows the bent of his genius. When it was first written, people said it could not be played — it was too difficult, too involved and obscure. Their ignorance, and not his music, was at fault. What was then considered an extravagant piece of mystery is now regarded as a master work. We are growing up to Beethoven's music. It has not come down to us. He was before his age, and wrote true music of the future.

As that symphony is filled with doubts, warfare, and a great darkness at first, to be chased away at the end by the coming of light and triumph, so his life, from the year 1800 to his death, was one long story of trial, suffering, and conflict in the outer world, with a safe haven of mental peace and comfort, and high triumph in art, for his reward — not all of the reward and triumph reaped in life, but gathering round his advancing fame for half a century after his death.

This dark and gloomy period of his life was opened by the composition of his one oratorio — "Christ on the Mount of Olives." It was never entirely finished, and is considered as among the least of his works. He was not, like Handel, a writer of sacred music, and never succeeded in it as in his orchestral compositions. The circumstances under which the oratorio, and also his one great opera, — "Fidelio," — were written, are recorded as showing how and when he

labored. In the woods and fields, out under the open sky, with the birds alone for companions, he loved to wander and compose. The spot was in the woods of Hetzendorf—a small village near Vienna, and near the imperial gardens of Schönbrunn. An oak tree, whose trunk shot out low down a convenient branch, served for his leafy seat; and there he plied his pen in dreamy mood, and quite alone.

It was about this time (1800) that his two brothers, Carl, or Casper, and Johann, followed him to Vienna, and, pretending brotherly regard, became his enemies. Why, we know not. What he had done to merit the treatment he received from them cannot be discovered. Ordinary men would have defied them. This strange, self-absorbed genius was at their mercy. To rehearse the miserable details of the quarrels and bickerings of these two, unworthy of their name, is not neces-

sary. All we can do is to notice the effect upon their greater brother, Ludwig.

Utterly unfit to contend against them, he suffered rather than retort in kind. Living apart in a world of his own creation, wherein all men⁴ were wise and just, he could not comprehend their meannesses, and was, of course, their victim.

In 1802 he was afflicted with a severe illness. Thinking at the time that he was near his death, he wrote a will. Let me show it to you. You will notice that the brother Johann is only spoken of in blank. Why this was so, we know not. It contains some allusion to returning sparks of kindness on the part of Carl, which afterwards proved false. It shows us that about this time the, to him, doubly-sad infliction — deafness — was beginning to embitter his life. It will also give us a glimpse into the melancholy frame of mind into which he had fallen. This was not so always; otherwise

the joyousness, merriment, and serene happiness visible in his music, could never have appeared. With everything to make him sad, he still possessed cheerfulness and humor in a remarkable degree. Had his life been happier, he would have been a genial and active man. Listen, now, to this strange will — a picture of the man and his troubles, photographed by himself.

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"For my Brothers, Carl and — Beethoven.

"O ye, who consider or declare me to be hostile, obstinate, or misanthropic, what injustice ye do me! Ye know not the secret causes of that which to you wears such an appearance. My heart and my mind were from childhood prone to the tender feelings of affection. Nay, I was always 'disposed even to perform great actions. But only consider that, for the last six years, I have been attacked by an incurable complaint, aggravated by the un-

skilful treatment of medical men, disappointed from year to year in the hope of relief, and at last obliged to submit to the endurance of an evil, the cure of which may last perhaps for years, if it is practicable at all. Born with a lively, ardent disposition, susceptible to the diversions of society, I was forced at an early age to renounce them, and to pass my life in seclusion. If I strove at any time to set myself above all this, O, how cruelly was I driven back by the doubly-painful experience of my defective hearing! And yet it was not possible for me to say to people, 'Speak louder — bawl — for I am deaf!' Ah, how could I proclaim the defect of a sense that I once possessed in the highest perfection in which few of my colleagues possess, or ever did possess it! Indeed, I cannot! Forgive me, then, if ye see me draw back when I would gladly mingle among you. Doubly mortifying is my misfortune to me, as it must tend to cause

me to be misconceived. From recreation in the society of my fellow-creatures, from the pleasures of conversation, from the effusions of friendship, I am cut off. Almost alone in the world, I dare not venture into society more, than absolute necessity requires. I am obliged to live as in exile. If I go into company, a painful anxiety comes over me, since I am apprehensive of being exposed to the danger of betraying my situation. Such has been my state, too, during this half year that I have spent in the country. Enjoined by my intelligent physician to spare my hearing as much as possible, I have been almost encouraged by him in my present natural disposition; though hurried away by my fondness for society, I sometimes suffered myself to be enticed into it. But what a humiliation, when any one standing beside me could hear at a distance a flute that I could not hear, or any one heard the shepherd singing, and I could not distinguish a sound!

Such circumstances brought me to the brink of despair, and had well nigh made me put an end to my life: nothing but my art held my hand. Ah, it seemed to me impossible to quit the world before I had produced all that I felt myself called to accomplish! And so I endured this wretched life—so truly wretched, that a somewhat speedy change is capable of transporting me from the best into the worst condition. Patience—so I am told—I must choose for my guide. I have done so. Steadfast, I hope, will be my resolution to persevere, till it shall please the inexorable Fates to cut the thread. Perhaps there may be amendment—perhaps not; I am prepared for the worst. I, who, so early as my twenty-eighth year, was forced to become a philosopher—it is not easy; for the artist more difficult than for any other. O God, thou lookest down upon my misery; thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-

creatures, and a disposition to do good. O men, when ye shall read this, think that ye have wronged me, and let the child of affliction take comfort on finding one like himself, who, in spite of all the impediments of nature, yet did all that lay in his power to obtain admittance into the rank of worthy artists and men! You, my brothers, Carl and —, as soon as I am dead, if Professor Schmidt be yet living, request him, in my name, to write a description of my disease, and to that description annex this paper, that, after my death, the world may, at least, be as much as possible reconciled with me. At the same time, I declare both of you the heirs of the little property—if it can be so called—belonging to me. Divide it fairly; agree together, and help one another. What you have done to grieve me, that, you know, has long been forgiven. Thee, brother Carl, I thank in particular for the affection thou hast shown me of late.

My wish is, that you may live more happily, more exempt from care, than I have done. Recommend virtue to your children; that alone — not wealth — can give happiness; I speak from experience. It was this that upheld me even in affliction; it is owing to this, and to my art, that I did not terminate my life by suicide. Farewell, and love one another. I thank all friends, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I wish that Prince L.'s instruments may remain in the possession of one of you; but let no quarrel arise between you on account of them. In case, however, they can be more serviceable to you in another way, dispose of them. How glad I am to think that I may be of use to you even in my grave! So let it be done. I go to meet Death with joy. If he comes before I have had occasion to develop all my professional abilities, he will come too soon for me, in spite of my hard fate, and I should wish that he had delayed his arrival. But

even then I am content, for he will release me from a state of endless suffering. Come when thou wilt, I shall meet thee with firmness. Farewell, and do not quite forget me after I am dead ; I have deserved that you should think of me, for in my lifetime I have often thought of you, to make you happy. May you ever be so.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. (L.S.)

HEILIGENSTADT, October 6, 1802.

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Happily, he recovered. The will never became of use, and now only serves to illustrate the writer's character. Space forbids a detailed account of the long years of poverty and sorrow that followed his recovery. All I can do is briefly to sketch the character of the man, and give a bare outline of his life, in the hope that you will, at some other time, study both him and his works from other sources.

It was in 1807, or thereabouts, that he wrote the most famous of his nine great symphonies. At this time he was at his best. That terrible affliction, his deafness, was not confirmed. He could still hear a little, and the miserable lawsuits between himself and his brothers, and others, had not begun to trouble him. His fame was extending, and his compositions sold readily at any price he chose to demand.

Money in abundance and the friendship of the best people in the city were at command. Both he accepted, and quickly lost. To keep money seemed impossible. Did a needy friend want it, it was his; did some poor brother in art need assistance, Beethoven, the unwisely liberal, was ready to give his all. Presents of all kinds were showered upon him, only to be soon lost or given away.

The care of money is something all should learn. Certain things in common life must be attended to, or suffering and inconvenience result.

To neglect the plainest rules of prudence in these small matters is not to be excused. Yet this man, this tone poet, living in a world apart, self-absorbed, and peculiar in all his ways, neglected every rule of prudence; and we cannot find it in our hearts to blame him. If he erred, it was on the right side. Better never err; but erring, follow, as he did, your good instincts.

As for friendship, he wasted that as he did his money. Imperious, prone to suspicion, doubting his best friends, and listening to the tale-bearing stranger, he constantly drove away proffered regard and respect. It required some bravery to be his friend; and yet he craved friendship, love, and sympathy above all earthly things. Surely he was a strange genius.

In 1809 he received his first and only business offer — the position and pay of chapel master to the King of Westphalia. The sum was six hundred ducats a year — an amount sufficient, in those days, for a liberal support. To his serious

injury he declined the proposal, being persuaded by his princely friends that they, some three of them, would settle upon him an annuity of four thousand florins, paper money, so long as he had no other employment, and remained in Austria. They thought it a disgrace to their country that so great a composer should leave it for want of a support, and made the offer to retain him. The unworldly Beethoven, without a thought of the proverbial faith of princes, accepted their kindness, and staid in Vienna. The sequel of this was hard indeed. One of the donors died, another failed, war broke out, and the paper money sank out of sight, not worth twenty cents on a dollar. As for any other employment, it never appeared. His compositions brought him money enough; but what avail was it to such a man? To manage his own affairs was something he could not compass, and he turned them over to his brother Carl — a most disastrous thing to do, as it afterwards proved.

You must not imagine, in all this, that the master fell into actual poverty. Not quite so bad as that. Continual debt and unceasing worry are bad enough, but not equal to absolute penury. To him they proved a sore trial, disturbing his mind and driving away all thoughts of his art.

As we advance the story darkens. As in Mozart's case, the want of an effectual copy-right law operated to his injury; and both these brothers in music lost their well-earned wages through theft and dishonesty. Mozart lost all benefit from the sale of one of his operas by the fraud of a certain director, and Beethoven suffered the same thing through the forgery of his "Battle Symphony."

As if all these difficulties were not enough, his brother Carl must die. Not a particularly sorrowful event, were it not that he left the care of his son, by his will, to our Beethoven. The boy was a bright lad, about eight years old, and his

uncle was at first greatly pleased with him, and adopted him as his own son.

Where was the child's mother? Let us not ask. The less said of her the better. For several years a bitter lawsuit waged between this bad woman and the helpless, unworldly Beethoven. Till the day of his death this nephew was a cause of contention between them, and at the last a sorrow and shame to the poor uncle.

The melancholy history of this wretched business is too disagreeable to repeat, and we will skip it all.

This lawsuit and others between himself and his publishers and patrons had one disastrous effect upon Beethoven. They destroyed his peace of mind, and unfitted him for his life-work—composition.

And this is the marvel of the thing, that, under such troubles, worries, and trials, the man could have written as he did. On the other hand, we cannot fail to notice that through much

tribulation he was brought to perfection. /The old German proverb was true in his case: "One must suffer to become a musician." His heavy cross weighed him down at times, but never broke his high spirit, nor soured his kind heart. Say, rather, it purified him, and raised him above his earthly sorrows.

It made him peevish and irritable at times, and drove him into solitude; yet he never till his death quite extinguished the bright lamp of genius that burned in his heart.

This is a sad and dreary tale, and we had best be brief. Let us turn to brighter things if possible. Every man's life is composed of two parts—his outward life, that all men see, and his inward existence, known only to himself. In Beethoven's life, though storms raged without, within, peace and high happiness were generally his. His moments of irritable temper and unhappy discord were transitory, and quickly passed, leaving him serene again. His absent-minded-

ness proved a positive advantage, for it carried him away into a fair and pleasant country, where the wicked ceased from troubling, and where all men were wise and good. His music became to him the Delectable Mountains, where the breeze was ever cool and fresh, and far above the fogs and petty storms of the world. Living thus for days in Dreamland, and careless of all save his work, he managed to bridge over his dull times, and escape what he called his "bad days."

His manner of life illustrates this. As soon as the sun was up, he rose, dressed, and prepared with the greatest care his one cup of coffee. His servant brought in his favorite dish of fish; and as soon as the lonely meal was over, he sat down at his desk by the piano, and worked hard till dinner. The afternoon was devoted to walking, and the evening to reading his favorite — and the best — authors and the papers.

Directly after dinner he started out for a run in the fields and woods about the city. It could

not be called a walk, for he trotted along at double-quick time, with his hair flying, and his disordered dress loose in the wind. Humming or roaring to himself some snatch of music, he seemed more a wild man than the gifted composer. Did a friend accompany him, he either talked in a nervous, excited manner, or was silent. Waving his arms about in an ungainly style, pausing abruptly, starting suddenly on the full run, and behaving in other unheard-of ways, he attracted the attention of all the passers, and it required some courage to walk beside him.

He had a great passion for playing in the water with his hands. Hiring a small boy to ply the pump-handle, he stood at the spout by the hour, as if washing his hands, and singing, if it could be so called, to himself the while.

If it stormed, and the yard was wet, he used a basin of water, in which he paddled till he spattered himself and the floor freely. The people in the rooms below, finding the water coming

through the ceiling, complained bitterly; but he did not seem to care, and went on with his musical hydraulics.

His room generally appeared the picture of disorder. Remains of lunches and scraps of music were scattered everywhere. The inkstand stood on the piano, just where it was sure to be knocked off in his ungainly movements. The floor was covered with books, boots, music, clothing, and every imaginable household belonging.

If he had remained at any one spot, no serious harm would have resulted. As he never could stay in one place long, sad losses came to his music and property. He was continually on the move. At one place there was not sun enough. At another the passers on the bridge by the house would stare at his window, to catch a glimpse at the great man. At another the landlord was too much of a bear, and at another far too polite for comfort.

Dr. Franklin's adage, that "three removes are as bad as a fire," proved true in Beethoven's case ; for not only did he pay the rent in advance only to move in a week, but much valuable music was lost in the moving, and his scanty furniture became a general wreck.

We cannot help thinking, in view of these things, how much better it might have been if he had been happily married. His wife, doubtless, would have been a happy woman, and he would have lived longer, to write more, and, if possible, better music. His heart was naturally kind and affectionate ; and I doubt not he would have made one who could understand him supremely happy. He had several love adventures, one of which was successful as far as it went. As it happened, the ladies were always among the nobility, and the absurdity of caste did not admit of his marrying any one of them. Of this more another time.

I could tell you scores of anecdotes concerning

him, did time allow. You must read for yourself. Get the two published volumes of his letters, and see in them a picture of the man drawn by himself, and by his friends in life.

At last his accumulated sorrows seem to have invaded his heart and broken it. The disgraceful conduct of his nephew, the neglect of his family, and the partial failure of his income, so worked upon him, that after a long and painful illness he died. .

His last illness began in early winter. He was staying at the time in some country place, and desiring to go home, he asked his brother Johann to lend him his close carriage. The miserable creature refused, and sent the sick man away in the midst of a cold rain, in an open wagon. The chill he caught resulted in a protracted disease that lingered painfully on through the entire winter.

Even at his sick bed his brother's heartlessness pursued him. No physician was provided, and

it was only by accident that one came at all. Such unbrotherly and inhuman conduct doubtless shortened his life. We have, then, the Beethoven family, unworthy of the name, to thank for much music lost to the world, and much suffering endured by one of the greatest of men.

It was upon the evening of the 26th of March, 1827, that he died. A stupor had fallen upon him, and he seemed near his end. His friends were gathered round in silence and in tears. Suddenly a terrible thunder-storm, entirely unexpected, and out of season, arose. The room was bright with lightning, and the hail rattled loudly on the window pane. The lovely view from the windows that looked out over the city, and upon the hills round about, was hid by the driving rain and the solemn darkness. Without warning, the master, to the surprise of all, sat up in bed, and raised his arm as if to conduct some gigantic orchestra through some mighty symphony. The thunder

pealed as if in response to his command, and he sank back upon his pillow — dead.

This last incident, and the few words I may add, I received from the lips of a gentleman who visited in Vienna the haunts of Beethoven in company with one of the American legation, himself a man well versed in Beethoven's life and works. This official had visited the different places some time before, in company with one of Beethoven's intimate friends. This is not in any book, and will interest you as coming almost direct from Vienna.

There is in the city a small stone building, that was, at one time, used for a theatre. The director, on the brink of ruin, called one day upon Mozart, who was then living in Vienna. He had the plan of a new opera, which he wished Mozart to set to music. This was in the days of Mozart's poverty, and he gladly accepted the work, even though the pay was contemptible. The opera was the "Magic Flute." The work

was duly written, rehearsed, and sung in the dingy little theatre with this result: a fortune for the director, and a great name and no money for poor Mozart. The now wealthy director with his ill-gotten gains built a new and larger theatre, which he called the "Theatre on the Wein." Over the door he placed a mean little bust of Mozart. This was about all Mozart received, except the fame of the thing — and fame, as we have seen, never pays bills.

It was in a room of this "Theatre on the Wein" that Beethoven lived at one time. The room is still shown, and our two gentlemen visited it, and saw the spot where our great tone poet lived. Here he used to sit at the window by the hour, gazing at the flowers in the garden, or watching, in his absent fashion, the flying clouds in the sky. Here stood, in the yard, the pump where he washed his hands till the skin was wrinkled, and singing to himself the while. His deafness prevented him from hearing his own harsh voice, and

to him his tones were divine. It was the same with his piano playing towards the end of his life. He could not hear the instrument, and the music was only a discordant rattle that no one could listen to for pity and sorrow.

Our friends, after a short visit, went on towards the gardens attached to Maria Theresa's palace, Schönbrunn. Here they walked up and down on the prim gravelled walks, with the stiff artificially trained trees casting fantastic shadows on the smooth lawns about them. Not such gardens as we see in this country. The formal rectangular style of gardening has quite gone out of fashion, and we have nothing of the kind here. There is no need of trimming and training, as practised there, in this climate; nor do we want it. Nature is better unfettered by such stiff art. Here in these artificial pleasure-grounds Beethoven used to wander, in all weathers, summer and winter, composing or writing as he walked, or sitting, as I described, in the leafy shelter of some tree, and

thinking great thoughts, that to this day can move all hearts.

From the gardens our friends went to a lofty hill near by. Upon the top they found a large marble edifice, built for an observatory. Around on every side were spread enchanting views — the gardens, the city, and the open country round about. Here, too, came Beethoven in times past. Here he used to sit for hours, gazing at the prospect, and drawing from Nature true inspiration. He was a great lover of Nature, and sought her always for aid and comfort. As soon as the spring came, he was off to the woods, there to stay till winter drove him back to town. His appearance, on returning, was brown and ruddy, a healthy, brilliant color, very becoming to his strong, massive features.

Next our friends visited the room where the master died. It was in the upper story of a house upon the outskirts of the city. There were two windows to the room, and from his sick bed he

could look out over Vienna and the surrounding country.

Then to the grave itself, in the cemetery of Währing, one and a half miles north-west of the city. Our friends stood by the flat slab with the simple inscription, "BEETHOVEN," and a few words in Latin. It was summer, and the trees spread checkered shadows over the stone. The grass lay green and bright over the mighty dead. The birds sang in the air, and the drowsy hum of the insects filled the ear — music unknown to Beethoven in life. Yet we hear, mingled with his greater strains, the sweet music of Nature, so that we can but feel that he did hear it, as well as the music from "the star pavilions," which he caught from heaven and brought down to us. Beside the master, in everlasting companionship, lay another tone poet — Shubert. From the grass beside these two graves, our friend gathered a three-leaved clover. He brought it over the water,

and gave it me, as the most precious thing he could find in Europe.

Here it is — preserved in this book.

.

With these words Mrs. Standly finished her story, and displayed in the leaves of a small album three withered clover leaves varnished and fastened to the sheet. Beneath were these words : —

“FROM BEETHOVEN’S TOMB.

VIENNA, ——— 18—.”

“He must have thought a great deal of you, aunt, to have given it to you.”

“Yes, he did.”

“Pray, who was it?”

“Your uncle, Mary.”

CHAPTER IX.

ONE evening, as Mr. Standly, Alfred, and Mary were sitting in the pleasant parlor, Mary inquired, —

"Was Beethoven a brilliant player on the piano, uncle?"

"No, Mary, not as compared with our modern performers. Finger gymnastics, as practised nowadays, never pleased him. As the true poet wisely refrains from writing mere Fourth of July odes, or addresses to the bird of freedom, so Beethoven, the tone poet, would not play in the chain-lightning style, now so popular. To play with feeling, care, and correctness was his aim; and as a player in that, the best style, he stood very high. A remarkable saying of his has come down to us, as expressive of his views upon the matter — "A certain class of piano-

forte performers seem to lose intelligence and feeling in proportion as they gain in dexterity of fingering." That, in a few words, describes the whole matter, and gives us the key to the right performance of his own works. Finger dexterity is not essential to the performance of most of his music for the piano. A few pieces tax the ability of the greatest players, and all require some skill, but not in that excessive degree most people imagine. What the player wants is, ability to understand his author, and a proper musical spirit. That is, one must have some education in music as an art, and a sincere love for it.

"Playing the piano is like reading poetry aloud. Any school-boy can say, 'The boy stood on the burning deck;' but only the educated reader must attempt Longfellow, Tennyson, or the mighty Shakespeare. So, in music, any girl can rattle off the 'Fest March' or 'Wait for the Wagon.'

To interpret the great tone masters is quite another thing, and requires another person."

"Dear me, uncle," said Mary, "you frighten me. Who can play at all? You have been showing us the masters, and now you say none but a master hand can render them."

"O, no; you mistake me. Any young person of your education can understand Beethoven, if she will. It is not to be supposed that you can bring out in playing all the deep feeling that is in it; but you can at least comprehend it, and, when you are older, play it correctly. You may never be able to play all his sonatas — that can hardly be expected; you can, however, study them with profit, and so add to your enjoyment of them.

"The main idea your aunt has in view, in showing you the lives and works of these great men, is to give your musical education a right direction, and to save you from falling into the error of knowing only the cheap

music of the small men. Our six tone masters are at the head of all. Others cluster around them, some quite near, others lower down. Taken altogether, the composers, whose music alone it is best to hear, do not exceed forty in number. It is well to bear in mind that only one man in two millions is a real composer. Therefore, in music, you should aim high, if you care to hit high."

"That's so," said Alfred from the floor; "play the good songs, and you won't care for the poor ones. Now, uncle, suppose you illustrate the wisdom of your remarks. Nothing like example, you know."

"Yes, do!" exclaimed Mary. "Play us the 'Moonlight Sonata.' It is a good time now, while it is still, and the shutters are closed, and everything is nice and cosy. Give me the big cushion, Alfred, and let me mount the sofa, and listen to the music in comfort-

able elegance. There! I fancy that is fine. Now begin — please.”

Mary on the sofa in serene satisfaction. Alfred, boy fashion, at full length on the rug by the fire. Mr. Standly at the piano. The lights, save one near the instrument, burn dim, and cast a delightful gloom over piano, pictures, skilful player, and interested audience.

The piano in a dream. Soft, delicate triplets gliding slowly on in a misty fashion. From this delicious ripple of tones came a song — sad, hesitating, and sweet past expression. Soon it lost itself, leaving the rippling triplets to glide on alone. Then it returned, only to fade again. The while, the left hand sang another and different song, that made, with the other parts, harmony wonderful in its simplicity and richness — simple in its number of parts, and rich in its tones. In the same delicate and quiet manner the sweet ripple flowed on and on. Would it ever stop? Never mind; let it wan-

der where it pleases. Time is as nothing while it lasts. Finally it ran down into the bass, and ended in low, sustained chords.

At once the time changed. All the parts in quick, bright chords linked into the most charming melody. Then came the trio, another part, and in the same time, and, though soft and low, full of fine harmony. The piano here seemed to try to speak. One phrase uttered, as it were, one thought, and the next replied to it. Questions, exclamations, and answers, as when we hear two people in pleasant conversation in the next room. We hear the tone of the voices, yet cannot catch the words.

Suddenly the piano burst forth loud and emphatic. *Presto agitato*. In furious haste the notes leaped in flying runs from the bass to the soprano, to abruptly end in short, loud chords. Again the flying notes, with the chords, flashed out clear and bright. The

very piano seemed to roar, as when a sudden shower passes over a grove of trees. Spattering the notes in hot haste from the strings, the music became more agitated and tempestuous. Gigantic melodies in octaves in the right hand answering to stormy billows of sound in the left. Impetuous, wild, even, at times, changing quickly from subdued fury and excitement to almost deafening crash and uproar. Chords repeated and urged through whole measures, as if to enforce some fierce command. Lightning-like sweeps, ending abruptly upon some low bass note only to start away again at the same headlong pace. With two short chords it suddenly ended.

"Good! good! Uncle, you outdid yourself. Splendidly done—that last *furioso* movement!" said Alfred.

"O, I did not care for that one. The first and second parts pleased me most," said Mary. "I never heard them so well played before.

You gave a new expression to them. Only, you must confess, uncle, that you did not always keep strict time."

"You are sharp, Mary. I did not try to adhere to the time. I let the music sing itself, just as the spirit moved me. It was in that way that Beethoven himself played."

"How do you know? You never saw him."

"Perhaps not; but I came very near it."

"How was that?" said Alfred.

"I heard one of Beethoven's intimate friends play this sonata, as he said, in the master's own manner. It was Moscheles. Though an old man, he played with great feeling and care. I took pains to remember it, and now imitate him as nearly as may be."

"Where and when was it?"

"At Leipzig, when I was there some time since."

"You were a fortunate man, I think," said Alfred, "to have heard Moscheles. He was a

great admirer of Beethoven, and, no doubt, was with him long enough to catch his style perfectly. Now, tell us one thing more. Why is this called the 'Moonlight Sonata'? There is not, to my thinking, much moonlight in the last part of it."

"I do not think that a very sensible name. There are two stories connected with this sonata. One is, that Beethoven, walking the streets of Vienna one moonlight night, passed a certain house, where he heard some one playing in a very peculiar style. Boldly entering the house, he asked to see the performer. It proved to be a young blind girl. She took his fancy greatly, and he sat down and played to her, producing, on the spot, the first ideas of this sonata. The first part is, perhaps, expressive of the feelings excited by the time, the place, and the interesting child. As for the *presto* movement, I cannot see what that has to do with either. The other story

is more romantic, and, I should imagine, more truthful. As you see, the work is dedicated to the Countess Juliette Guicciardo — his love. The great passion of his life was centred in her, and he loved her with all the fervor of his ardent nature. The first movement suggests his brooding, pensive moods when dreaming in music of her dear self. The second expresses his high hope for joy with her. The last, the *presto agitato* movement, describes his despair at finding that custom sternly rends apart the truest hearts, if one happens to be a musician, and the other a countess. It pictures, by its impetuous and useless fury, the strong eagle dashing its wings against its iron cage. The music, for all its energy, is never triumphant. It is despairing, sad and wild, strong and powerful — yet sorrowful."

"That, I am sure," said the thoughtful Mary, "is the best idea we can give to it."

Then the fact of the dedication would seem to point to the truth of the picture. Now, uncle, play us just one more."

"Yes; but this must be the last. I have no more time at command. If I could, I would play many more of these sonatas to you, or selections from his great masses, or from his one grand opera of *Fidelio*, which is seldom performed here. Now for the sonata, opus 57, called the '*Appassionata*.'"

"What does that mean?" said Alfred.

"Something about passion," replied Mary.
"Am I not right, uncle?"

"Yes, in part. Beethoven, on being questioned about it, replied in his brief manner, 'Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*.'"

"I have read it," said Alfred.

"Then you shall tell about it, for I have not."

"Well, Mary, I will, as well as I can recall it. There was a certain king and his daughter

living alone upon an island. The king had studied the black art, and could compel spirits, both good and bad, to do his bidding. Now, this king's throne had been taken from him by fraud by his brother, and the two set adrift in an open boat. Landing upon the island, they lived there with only a queer creature, half man, half fish, they found on the shore, for servant and companion. To this island were driven, in a tempest the king had raised by his art, his brother, a neighboring friendly king, and their suites, only to be confronted with dire sights and frightful sounds from the spirit world. With them came a young man, who, of course, falls in love with the king's daughter. This pleases the king greatly, as the young man was son to the friendly neighbor. After much of love and fairy business, everything ends happily. The good children are married, and the old folks, except the villain of a brother, are very gay,

and sail home in a new ship that springs out of the ground at the proper moment."

"A real boy's description," said Mr. Standly, "but giving us enough to understand the sonata, as well as is possible for you young folks. This piece belongs to the greatest and highest range of piano-forte music. Should you study it for months, you could not wholly take in its gigantic proportions, nor exhaust its infinite details. Listen, now, and catch what you can of the master's genius."

Soft, deep notes in unison, moving in a grand and majestic manner, and contrasted delicate bits of high, close harmony, opened the sonata. Irregular runs, ending in hasty chords. Strange involved harmony, mingled with snatches of sorrowful melody. Chromatic cadences, sliding down into the bass, till almost unheard. Sudden bursts of strong sound—loud, discordant, and rough. Agitation, alarm, and darkness. Hints of unearthly things, and the mutterings

of a storm by the dreary sea. Such was the first movement.

The next was more regular and melodious. Hurried, and thick with notes, it seemed to fade quickly away, and merge itself into the next part.

In slow time — *andante* — this part served to illustrate one of Beethoven's most peculiar styles. Crowded with notes involved and difficult, yet it was sweet, soft, and charming past the telling. The delicate feet of fairies, dancing on the petals of floating lilies, could not be more light and soft, and, at the same time, gay. Soon the music grew brighter, and fairly bubbled over with laughter, and all the while as ethereal as Fairyland itself. In curious, highly contrasted chords, the music led into the *allegro* movement. Beginning in a bold and sturdy manner, the music soon ran wild with fun and merriment. To describe it all is next to impossible. One must hear such

a piece to understand it. The jolly, wide-awake swing of this part was mingled with the strangest breaks, interrupting the chain of thought, and leading it away to things strange, unreal, and unexpected. As is Beethoven's style sometimes, nothing lasted long, but quickly gave way to new wonders and greater delights.

At last the final, or *presto*, movement was reached, and the music broke out into the clear sunshine of peace and joy.

CHAPTER X.

MARY CLIFFORD alone in her dressing-room.

"There's not much time, but I guess I shall be ready if I hurry. Let me see. What shall I wear? It isn't a ball, and yet a morning wrapper won't do. I don't care to imitate those girls in the choral society, with their red capes, low-necks, and frizzled hair. No; I'll not make myself ridiculous on my first public appearance. I'll wear my claret-colored pop and my Roman scarf. No, I won't; I'll go it plain. Simple collar, small pin, and hair easy and natural. I guess I will not wear a ribbon round my neck, as I am going to sing."

Singing softly to herself, and dressing at the same time, — "Joy, thou spark of heavenly

brightness, daughter from Elysium! Hearts on fire, with step of lightness. On thy — ”

Speaking. “O, what is the rest? Never mind, I’ve got it all in print. Isn’t it very, very queer? To think that I, a country girl, and afraid of the sound of my own voice, should be singing in such a great choir, and with that splendid orchestra! And O, is that the bell? Yes, carriage has come. I *must* hurry.”

“There, now for fun and music — the Ninth Symphony, and all the splendid things. I am glad that dear Kitty and good Susan got me into the chorus. Wouldn’t have missed it for the world. Hope Susan received her box, by the way.”

The door flies open with a bang — Kitty the lively, shawl and music in hand.

“Are you ready? And— Hullo! Why so plain? Aren’t you going to put on your gorgeous apparel?”

“No.. Going simple and nice.”

"Glad of it. Some of the girls will look like guys — sure as you live. Little ninnies, I want to shake 'em sometimes. Just as if they were orchestra, soloists, conductor, and everything else, when they only sing 'sop. cori.'"

"What?"

"Soprano in the chorus. Are you ready? If so, how about going?"

"I'm ready — lead on."

A dull attic chamber. Cheap furniture and bare walls. A young girl eating a simple supper by the fading twilight. A plain cloak, and plainer hat, upon the bed. Preparations for going out. The supper over, the girl rises to clear away the things. No downcast looks and tearful eyes now. The sling has been laid aside, and there is more color and health in the plain but interesting face. Suddenly a loud tramping, as of heavy feet upon the stair outside.

"What can that be? I must see."

Lighting a small lamp, and holding it above

her head, she opens the door, and looks over the railing, down the narrow stairs.

Two stout men are climbing the rickety steps, carrying an unwieldy box. Without a word, they come panting up the stairs, and boldly enter the chamber. The girl follows, all curiosity and excitement.

"O, I am so sorry! You have had all your trouble for nothing. There must be some mistake. I don't know what you have brought, but it surely can't belong here."

The men did not pay the slightest attention, but, depositing the box on the floor, they sat down on it to rest. Such remarkable proceedings struck the girl dumb, and she stood staring at them with big eyes.

"Hi, Bill! it was heavy — warn't it?"

"That's a fact. Come, sissy, give us your light while we open the trap. We was told to fetch the packing-box home with us."

Susan mechanically handed the man the lamp.

As they bent over the box to find the screws, the light fell upon a card on the box: "Susan Bates," in pencil. The men whipped out screw-driver, and began to take out the screws. Soon they were all removed, and with a gentle push, the end of the box fell off, revealing a piece of black walnut wood-work.

"It's a sewing machine. Who could have made such a mistake as to send it here? There must be some other Susan Bates."

One of the men. "Hear her, Bill. She calls it a sewing machine."

To Susan. "No, miss; it's for you. There ain't any mistake this time. Hold the light a bit, while we take her out."

Susan held up the lamp, and the men dragged "her" forth. O, unutterable surprise and wonder! Could it be possible! An organ — a small reed organ! A musical instrument for her! Not a piano, to be sure — but then, O, to think of it, an organ for her own use in her

own home! A piano would be so large, and out of place in the little attic! This was so much better!

All this to herself. Not a word did she utter, but stood silent and shivering, as if in a draught. A flood of thoughts ran through her mind. Her heart beat fast. Hot flushes and cold chills chased themselves through her frame.

Presently the unpacking was finished, and gathering the box together in a heap, the men prepared to go.

"What's the matter wid ye, child?"

"O, nothing, sir."

"Ain't ye glad it's come? You're dreadful lucky, seems to me. It ain't every gal has such a present."

Then he laughed, and poked his companion in the ribs, as if it were a huge joke.

The big fellows looked at each other, and then laughed till the roof shook.

"Haw, haw! Such an idee! A gal getting

an orgin what lives in a garret! It's the old man's doings, I reckon."

"No, it isn't. It was that darter of his. She gave it the young one. Dreadful queer child, that Kitty. Know her, Bill? Mebbe not. Well, she was the gal what had the blind fellar up to the factory, time the elevator—

"Is it from Kitty Buckland?" said Susan, interrupting him.

"There! Just as I told ye. You've gone and let the cat out awful. Come away now; you've done mischief nuf for one day."

"O, no, he has not," said Susan; "for here is a note on the cover for me. I guess that will explain things."

With much banging and clatter the men went out, and their rough voices faded away with a rumble in the echoing entry-way.

Timidly opening the cover of the instrument, Susan ventured to look at the shining row of white keys. Then she opened the note—a very

prim affair, informing her, through the president of the famous "concert board," of their action, and requesting the acceptance of the organ. Such a stiff, formal note, with the long string of names affixed, puzzled her. Ah, a postscript! What would a letter be without a P. S.?

"DEAR SUSAN: The concert board have bade me write this, but I must say a word for myself. I'm dreadful sorry it is not something better, but I'm sure it will help you. Now, dearie, don't be late to the concert, and — and — don't be a dear goose, and cry over it. You deserve it, and we are all so glad you have got it, that — that — never mind, but remember —

Yours truly, . .

"KITTY.

The lamp burned brightly on the organ, lighting up the bare and miserable room, and showing the young girl sitting, lost in thought, before the instrument. One hand spread over the keys, and the other supporting her head. A faint sigh from the keys. The head bent lower over them. The

rich brown hair, partly loosened, fell down over her face. Down went the head, and through the fingers streamed a flood of tears, not of sorrow, but of joy unspeakable.

Suddenly over the house-tops, and through the cold winter's night air, came a loud clarion call—the full major chord of A, loud, clear, and sustained. The steam reeds were telling of the day's work done at the factory. "Buckland Brothers" know a thing or two, and have improved upon that discord of civilization—the steam-whistle.

The child heard it too. Straightening herself up, and brushing back her hair and tears, she touched a note.

"How splendid! The organ is in tune with the factory whistle. I must try it—and sing."

And she did, beginning in tune with the organ and the far-sounding, musical steam-reeds, 'Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness, daughter from Elysium. All mankind are friend and

brother, when thy soft wing fans the heart.' There, there! It's six o'clock. I must hurry, or I shall be late to the concert."

An hour slips away, and the girl finds herself seated upon the stage of a large hall. Behind her stands the organ, on two sides the seats for the choir rise, like steps, half way to the ceiling. Before her are the chairs for the orchestra; yonder the house, with here and there stray couples finding their seats. The lights burn dim high overhead, and most of the choir seats are empty. It is dark and lonely.

"How I wish the girls would come! O, what shall I say to them, after all that has happened? I shall trust to the moment. Ah, there comes Mr. Standly. He is looking for a seat in the gallery. Mary will be here soon. There come Kitty and Mary, and ever so many others. Now for a hard time. I can't say a word — and I feel so happy!"

Entering from a side door, Kitty, Mary, Jenny

Robson, and the other lady members of the concert board appeared, and climbing up the steep, stair-like seats, gathered around the luckless Susan. Her hour had come, and her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth. Not a word was said till all were seated above and around her.

Kitty to Susan. "Miss Susan Bates : I have the honor of presenting to you the young ladies of the concert board. They are all, like myself, persons of profound learning and great ability."

One of the girls smiled audibly. Kitty frowned, and rolled her eyes in an impressive manner.

"As for music, it is thought that if they attend the Conservatory much longer, the institution will fail, and close its doors to hide its diminished head. For brightness they are unsurpassed. It is not thought that they will last long. As you remember, the poet says, 'Things that are brightest are first to fly.' But as compared with yourself, they are sounding brass and home-made

4
omballs. In the light of your genius they are as a kerosene sunset at an exhibition beside the orb of day — orb of day — yes, that's good, orb of day. Therefore they humbly pray your serene mightiness to accept the trifling present you doubtless received this afternoon. May its sweet tones ever keep in tune with your own melliferous voice."

At this point the audible smile spread among the younger girls. Kitty held up a warning finger.

"Sh-h — girls. The monitor is coming."

Poor Susan looked at one, and then at another, and then at the floor. A dreadful blush ran up even to the roots of her hair. What could it all mean? What was she to do, or say?"

Several voices in half whispers. "Speech! speech!" Susan gazed around upon the solemn faces before her. Kitty was as grave as an owl, and twice as handsome. Mary Clif-

ford turned away, but not in time to hide a sly twinkle in her eye.

Was all this a farce, or sober earnest? She could not tell. What to do she knew not, and was silent. An awkward pause.

Kitty. "Young ladies, our young friend has lost her tongue. We must find it for her by every one kissing her at once, *simultaneously*, as the gymnasium man says."

In an instant the eight or more heads came together with a bump, amid ill-suppressed shouts of laughter.

"O, girls, fly — the monitor!"

Such a flitting of skirts was never known. The monitor — a gentleman with a severe countenance — appeared, and looked very grave. The people were now rapidly filling the hall, and the choir-seats were nearly full. Kitty and Mary stood boldly up by the frightened Susan, and stared blankly at the man in a surprised manner, as if they really could

not see what it was all about. As for the others, they were quickly in their alto seats on the other side of the stage, and could be seen decorously studying their music.

Directly after this the lights blazed up, and the concert began. We cannot pause to consider all that passed during the first part of the evening, but must skip till we come to the last piece on the programme — Beethoven's Ninth Symphony — sometimes called the Choral Symphony.

The conductor lifted his baton as a signal to begin.

A part of the strings and a single cornet in soft, low chords. Vague, indefinite, and neither sad nor gay. Emptiness and void. Neither major nor minor. Every chord, when perfect, contains a major, or ~~major~~-third, that gives it its character. These chords were of the fifth; no thirds at all. The ear could not judge of their meaning: hence a sense of alarm and

doubt was spread over the music. In the second measure the first violins began—not a song, but a cry. The flutes and oboes put in a long-sustained wail, softly at first, but growing louder and louder, till the whole band joined in repeating the cry of the violins. To say that the music was beautiful would not be correct. It was startling and gloomy. Not that it was utterly devoid of melody or harmony; were it, it would not be music. Even in expressing terrible things, it must not cease to be art. Terror and struggle were meant to be represented; yet, in the seeming confusion and crash of the orchestra, there were flashes of melody and glimpses of harmony.

To describe such music is next to impossible. The general character of the first movement was wild and irregular—loud, startling chords, contrasted with soft passages full of excitement and agitation, and void of all grace or delicacy of melody. In short, there was

nothing beautiful about it. Stormy, uproarious, and like a raging tempest—a fierce fight between light and darkness.

At the end the girls breathed freer, and were glad it was finished. They admitted that they could not understand it, and until they could it was of but little use to hear it. Here and there they caught a strain that pleased them, but it was soon lost in the tempest of sound which raged around them. Were they older, they could go out upon a lofty hill, and gaze with delight upon some black and threatening thunder-storm, "blotting the fair face of the sky" with masses of splendid clouds, lurid with lightning, and graceful with trailing banners of flying rain. A child would be terror-stricken; but to one taught to admire force and power in action, the storm and the first movement of the symphony would be grand and sublime—a sight

to be seen, and music to be heard, with feelings of awe and delight.

The next movement was of a different character. Brilliant and spirited octaves by the full band opened it. A pause, and the second violins began to sing a song of a brighter mood. Rapid in the extreme, it swept the wood and strings into a sparkling river of music. Gone were the gloomy clouds. Hope, and aspirations after higher joys, tinged the tones. Growing louder and louder, the quick *staccato* notes rushed along, only to sink down again to softest *piano*. Our young people in the choir were charmed. Their attention was absorbed by the sparkling melodies all about them. The brass were silent most of the time, leaving the wood and strings to sustain the song.

Near the close of the movement the time quickened and advanced from *vivace* to *presto*. Now the notes fairly seemed to leap and

fly. From one instrument to another the melody flashed like a ray of white light. Suddenly, in the midst of the hurrying sweep of the music, a cornet took up a brave, bold song.

"There, there!" exclaimed Kitty. "Hear it! There it is — the Joy Hymn."

"Yes," said Mary and Susan, in a breath. "I hear it."

But it was gone. A flash, a hint of the great strain yet to come. A ray of hope from heaven. The exciting and hurrying music shot through with joy and peace.

This half-uttered hint of coming events cast over the music a feeling of expectation. It was brilliant and rapid, excited with anticipation and high hopes, and this snatch from the great happiness to come fired all the instruments to new exertions.

Yet the end was not yet. A long repetition held back the expected joy. At last the bright

snatch from the coming hymn was repeated, and there was a pause.

"What comes next?" said Mary. "Has the choral part come?"

"No; the *adagio* is next. It's not long, and I am sure you will like it."

Like it! That did not express it. She was perfectly charmed with its exquisite delicacy and beauty. Ah, Beethoven was the composer! Great above all. The wood and strings, with an occasional cornet, seemed to be holding sweet converse. Each instrument had its own peculiar melody, yet all united in one delicious whole, utterly entrancing, and unlike any other music in the world.

In a few measures the time changed to *andante* — a quicker movement, with added grace and beauty.

Our young hearers were delighted. They could not utter a word. Only listen to the soft music, streaming from the orchestra. They could

not describe the music, nor their feelings at hearing it.

Nor can it be described. It must be heard to be understood.

Finally it ceased. Then there was a pause, and all the hundreds of people in the choir prepared for their part in the work. The last movement was at hand. Every one opened their sheets of music, so as to be ready when the time came.

Hitherto the orchestra had been trying to give expression to an undefined longing for heavenly joys, trying to lead the hearer into new regions of delight. Now the human voice was to join in, and express, in words, all that the music seemed to feel. Music was a language without words. Now words were to be joined, and the highest reach of art touched. Now were all the people present, both performers and audience, to hear the highest effort in music, and feel the noblest emotions of which men are capable. Joy — religion — brotherhood, and heaven, pictured in

tones, married to poetry. A marvellous tone-country spread before their eyes, wherein they could see all great and high things, both in earth and heaven.

The conductor rapped on his desk, and everybody, from the soloists to the drummer, was attentive. The girls studied their music-sheets intently, to count the measures before their part began.

The baton waved quickly, and from the brass and wood came a perfect whirlwind of music. A sudden pause, and the brass and violoncellos seemed to recite, not sing, a few rapid bars. Evidently something was to come. The event cast its shadow before. Instantly all was swept away again by the rush of the music.

In a moment the time changed, and like a cloud spread over a summer landscape, those dark and gloomy fifths, that ushered in the stormy first movement, appeared.

For a moment only, and then the brilliant dash

and limpid sweetness of the two next movements appeared, one after the other, to restore the light and sense of expected joy.

One splendid flash from the coming hymn, and then the basses and violoncellos alone, and in *allegro* time, began, low and soft, a new song.

Soon the first violins joined them, and a single bassoon opened still another melody, singularly beautiful, and filled with hints of what was to come. The other strings joined in. Slowly growing louder and louder, and creeping upward, till the entire orchestra united in one magnificent strain — the Joy Hymn. Yet the voices were silent. Their time had not come. The mystic march of the music stirred all hearts, and every tongue was impatient to begin. It seemed to stir the pulse to quicker beats, and kindled the eye with anticipation.

Our young friends went nearly wild with excitement, yet they managed to keep quiet,

and when the signal was given, rose with the rest.

What a splendid sight!—the great orchestra sweeping through the mighty hymn, the eager choir attentive, expectant, and with “hearts on fire.”

The hymn merged into a very whirlwind of music. An abrupt pause.

A single loud, clear, bass voice in recitative —
“O, dearest brothers, these tones no longer.”

The violin, the flute no longer — voices now.
“Rather, rather raise we all together now our voices, and sing more joyfully.”

The time slackened slightly. The voice, “Joy then.”

All the basses in the chorus, “Joy then, joy then.”

The solo singer, accompanied by the double basses and violoncellos in unison, and by the flutes, clarinets, and violins giving the harmony, sang the great hymn, —

“Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness,
 Daughter from Elysium!
 Hearts on fire, with step of lightness,
 On thy holy ground we come.
 Thou canst bind all, each to other,
 Custom sternly rends apart;
 All mankind are friend and brother
 When thy soft wing fans the heart.”

At once the full band, and the tenors, altos,
 and basses, in the chorus, repeated the splendid
 song, —

“Thou canst bind all, each to other,
 Custom sternly rends apart;
 All mankind are friend and brother,
 When thy soft wing fans the heart.”

The four solo voices alone, —

“He whom happy fate hath granted,
 Friend to have and friend to be,
 Faithful wife who never wanted,
 Mingle in our Jubilee;
 Yea, who in his heart’s sure keeping
 Counts but one true soul his own!
 Who cannot, O, let him weeping
 Steal away and live alone.”

The same matchless aria, and ornamented by the softest and most delightful bits of harmony from the wood and violoncellos.

At once, with fuller accompaniment, the chorus repeated this last.

The solo voices again, while the violins fairly sparkled with trills, and the flutes, clarinets and stirring drum marked the time.

“Joy all living things are drinking ;
Nature’s breasts for all do flow ;
Good and evil all unthinking,
On her rosy way we go.
Kisses gave she, vine-crowned leisure,
Friend in death, aye true to friend ;
Meanest worm hath sense of pleasure ;
Before God the seraph stands.”

The full chorus — resounding brass, sparkling fifes, and rolling drums, fused into one rapid sweeping river of melody — took up the words again, “Kisses gave she.”

The last words, “Before God,” were repeated

in slow, full chords, each time higher and higher. The violins raced through brilliant runs between the chords, and the whole choir united in one loud and splendid chord, that broke into one electric flash of sound at the end.

Immediately the next movement was taken up. Very softly, but in short, quick notes, and rapid time, a tambourine and the bassoons opened the march. Quickly the whole band joined in.

Extremely quiet and delicate, yet full of half-suppressed joy and gladness.

A tenor solo voice, —

“Come, joyous as yon orbs in gladness

Speed along their paths on high,

Brother, come; away with sadness;

Let us on to victory.”

Louder and louder grew the advancing march.

The tenors and bass of the chorus joined the single voice, “Brothers, let us on victory.”

The voice ceased, and the orchestra continued the now brilliant march.

The clarion! Ah, the brave trumpet-call! The other instruments paused, as if to listen. The strings and wood whispered together. Something was coming. The cornet went on, but sinking softer and softer. The conductor swept his baton over all, and the full choir took up, suddenly, with full power, the mighty joy-hymn, "Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness, daughter from Elysium."

At the end an abrupt pause. *Andante maestoso* next. In slow and majestic unison, the basses and tenors, "O, embrace now, all ye millions; here's a kiss to all the world."

Our young singers could hardly hold their music-sheets. The stirring, awesome majesty and weight of the music brought tears to the eyes, and nearly choked the voice. Such highly written music will try the best of singers. Yet they joined with heart and voice, "Brothers, high above yon azure fold shines a Father's star pavilion."

A change in the key, and a slower movement. The wooden instruments alone, in a deep and solemn hymn. Every sound, save of the band and choir, was hushed. "Now on bended knees, ye millions, feel ye your Creator near."

Soft and rich at first, but soon growing louder, till they reached high, resounding, and overwhelming chords: "Search beyond that boundless sphere, far above the star pavilions."

Immediately the sopranos and altos took up a new song to the same glorious words; "Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness."

The tenors and basses quickly joined them, and away all were swept in one hurrying, joyous song. Again the mighty chords returned, crowded with aspiring praise-giving, and searching among "the star pavilions" for heavenly joy and brightness.

Again the time changed. Slower now. The solo voices returned, and accompanied by soft-

est flutes and violins, sang in a new manner, "Joy, daughter of Elysium."

The full chorus and band must join them in louder strains: "All mankind are friend and brother."

Very softly and sweetly: "When thy soft wing fans the heart."

So absorbed did our Mary become in the varying grandeur and sweetness of the music, that she was rudely startled by the crash of the band as it started off in furious haste upon the final movement. Ah, how the music sped along! Hardly time to utter the words, A stormy clarion-call to all the world. Music exultant, and almost delirious with joy and praise: "O, embrace now, all ye millions; here's a kiss to all the world."

How the trumpets raged! The violins were a flash of light, the fifes and drums marked the quickening time, the bass rolled in stormy billows under all. In furious haste the mad music

swept along. The cheeks fairly burned, and the tongue was hot with singing.

A sudden sweep through the strings, and in slow, overwhelming chords, with all the power of solos, choir, and orchestra, the grand and magnificent climax was reached: "Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness, daughter from Elysium."

One splendid cadence by the band, and all was over. For an instant there was a dead pause. Then the conductor leaned over his desk, and said, with a smiling face, to the choir, "Bravo." Instantly the uproar of applause came like a thunder-clap. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, gentlemen shouted, and cried bravo till they were hoarse. One solemn old fiddler, just before Mary, waved his hat on his bow, and said, "Why don't they give three cheers." The soloists and the conductor shook hands heartily. The impetuous Kitty flung her arms around Susan's neck, and said, "Hurrah, boys! wasn't it splendid?" Mr.

Standly could be seen in the gallery, standing on a seat, and waving his hat on his cane. In fact, several people, both young and old, went fairly mad. It is said the solemn old Choral Society never behaved so absurdly in its whole respectable life. Everybody was excited, very happy, and quite sure that the great symphony had never been so well sung in America.

As for Mary, she sat down, when it was over, with tear-brimmed eyes, too much affected by this glorious experience in music for words.

Here we must leave her. She and her friends, both in music and in life, must part. Susan had her heart's desire, and will doubtless become a fine musician in due time. She remembers to this day the great Ninth Symphony, and all the remarkable things that happened on the day of its performance.

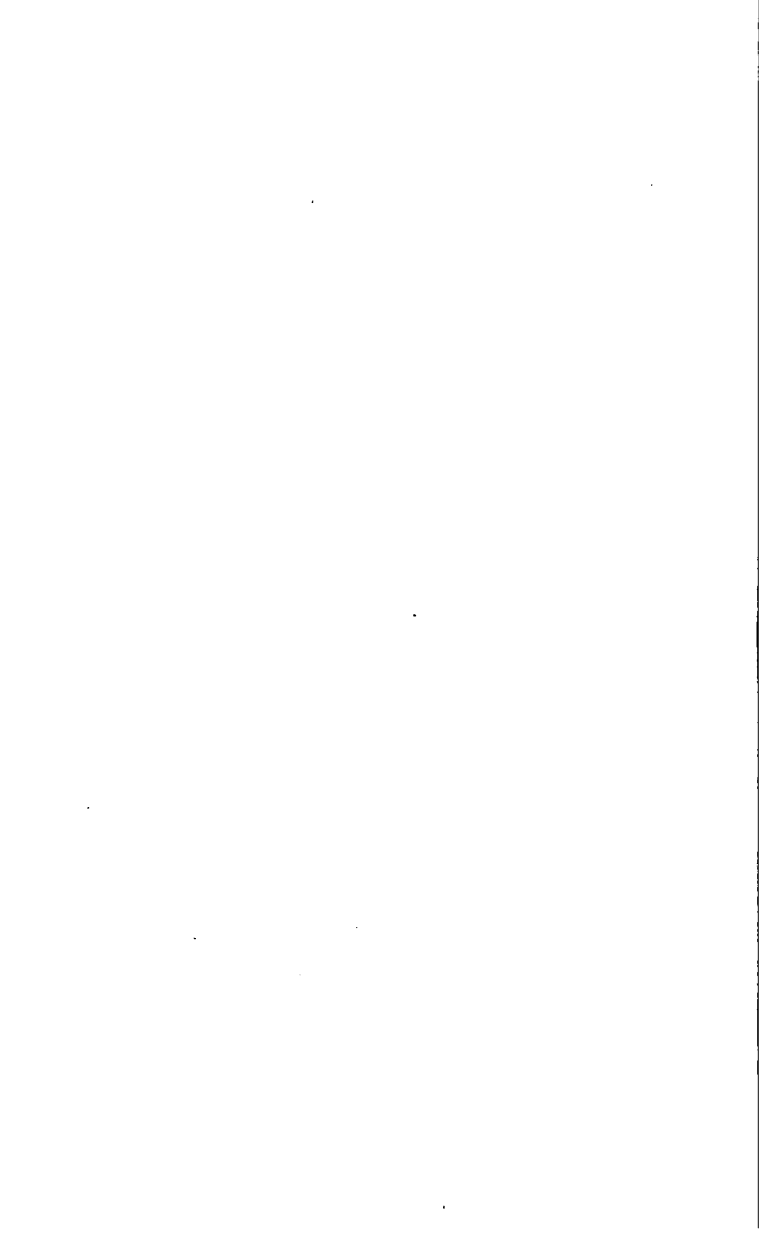
From our six Tone Masters we must also part. That we have seen all they wrote and did, is not

true, nor was it intended. If the young reader has even learned to admire them, and had his heart stirred to search out for more of their lives and works, the author of this series is satisfied.

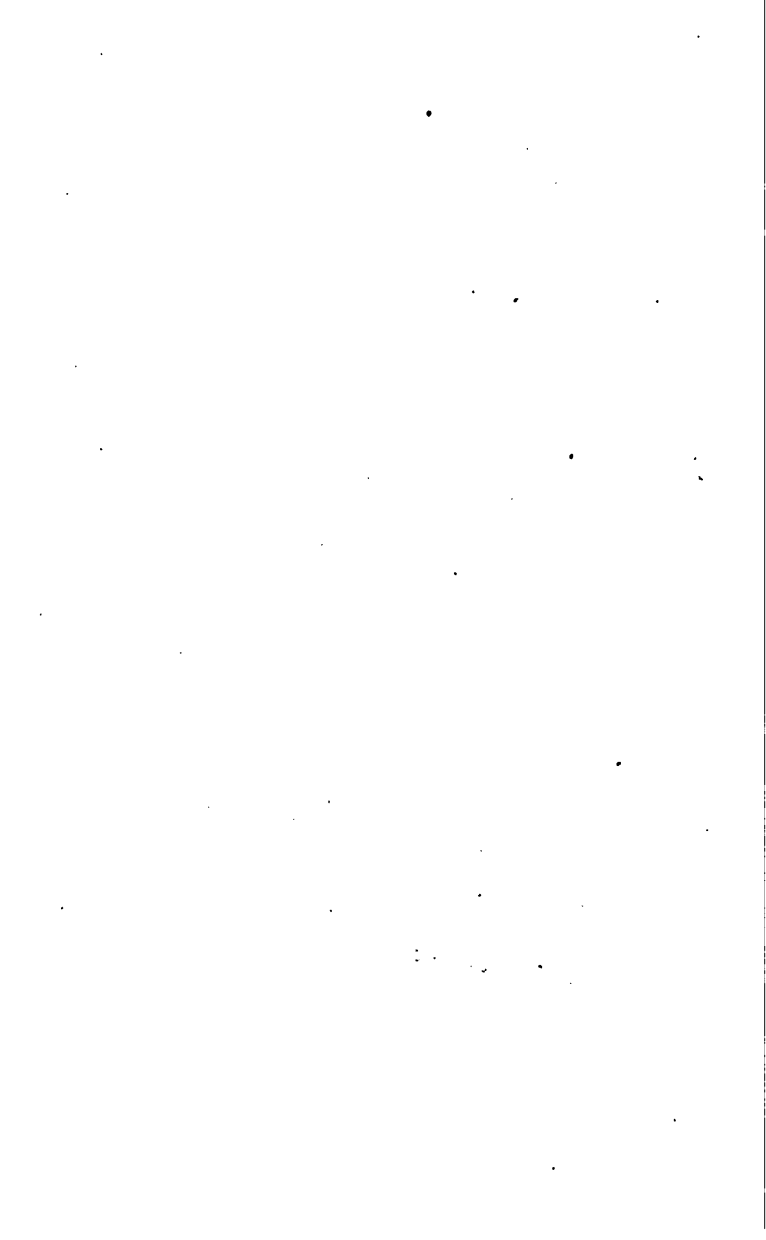
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